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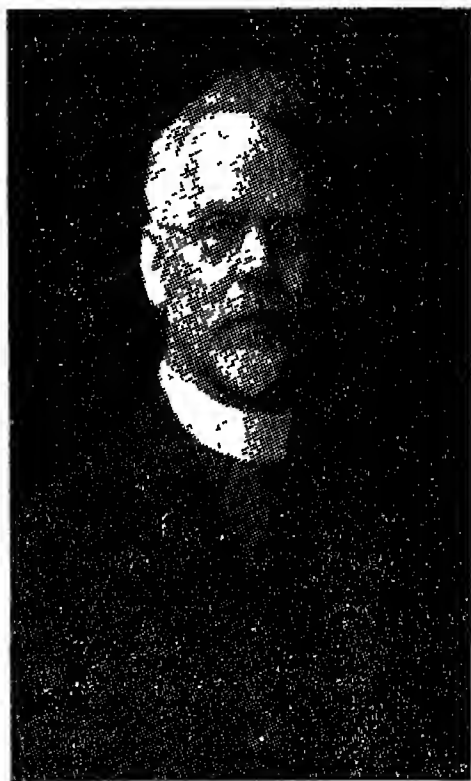
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ENGLISH DIARIES OF THE XIX CENTURY 1800—1850

EDITED BY
JAMES AITKEN

(A 131)

Keeping a diary is a peculiarly English habit, but many of us have delved hardly at all into the wealth of published English diaries save for those of Pepys, and perhaps Evelyn and Fanny Burney. In this volume Dr Aitken continues his previously published Pelican selection from the diaries of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries into more modern times. The 22 diarists represented include poets, politicians, novelists, parsons, a painter, an actor, and a queen. Their intimate sidelights on the life of a century ago are interspersed with shrewd and amusing comments on personalities some of whom have passed into history, while others find their only immortality in the diarist's pages. The Begum of Oude discusses theology with a Quaker's daughter, the scruple-ridden Hurrell Froude resolves not to hide the dirtiness of his trousers from his neighbour at table, Emily Shore describes her beloved ants and caterpillars, and Mrs. Shelley mourns her dead husband.



THE EDITOR

JAMES AITKEN was born in Glasgow. He graduated at Glasgow University in 1890, and studied theology in Edinburgh, afterwards serving for more than forty years in the Ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, South America and New Zealand. He founded, and for twenty-six years edited, *The Break of Day*, published a study of *The Book of Job*, and while in New Zealand did a considerable amount of journalistic work. James Aitken has also edited a selection from *English Diaries of the XVI, XVII and XVIII Centuries* which was published in the Pelican series in 1941. He is very interested in education, having taught for eight years. Is now retired and lives in Guildford.

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The student of English Diary literature will find Ponsonby's three volumes a most interesting and valuable introduction to the subject: we gladly acknowledge our indebtedness to them.

INTRODUCTION

IF one should desire to know what life in England was like a hundred years ago, he could scarcely do better than make a study of the contemporary diarists. There are plenty of them, and variety enough to suit all tastes. The period was one of the most changeful in our country's story. The long drawn out Napoleonic wars came to a close in 1815, but the post-war slump had to be faced and weathered. The exploitation of steam power was already quickening the pace of life and upsetting the economic balance of the population. Railways were beginning to thread their way through the land, factories were springing up in the north, people were moving from the farms and villages into the towns. The coming of new things and new ways raised alarm in many minds and led to vain attempts to put a brake on progress. Those were the days of the Luddite risings, the burning of corn ricks and the smashing of machines. Those were the days too of the Chartist movement—that "cry of rage and class-consciousness on the part of the suffering wage-earner"—whose great demonstration caused so much apprehension in London. The influence of the French Revolution was felt in many aspects of our social life. Loud and imperative was the demand for the reform of our legislative institutions, which the Reform Bill of 1832 only partially satisfied. The public conscience was beginning to be uneasy about the condition of the poor. The Corn Laws, the Slave Trade, the regulation of work in factories and mines, were among the burning questions debated in Parliament, the press, and innumerable "Unions" throughout the country.

In literature interest was keen in the Waverley Novels, the Lake Poets, Byron and the earlier notes of Tennyson's flute. In religion there was first the agitation for the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, and later the controversy aroused by the Tractarian Movement. Michael Faraday was probing his way into the secrets of electricity: Joule was calculating the mechanical equivalent of heat: Humphry Davy was advancing and popularising the physical sciences. Art saw the revival of historical painting and the dawn of Pre-Raphaelitism. The intellectual ferment was active and widespread.

Meantime life went on. Men and women slept and woke and ate their victuals. They did their business, made their profits and

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stood up to their losses. They visited their friends and entertained their guests. They discussed the topics of the hour. They had their recreations and amusements. They went to the theatre, the concert and the ball. Domestic life followed its age-old course. Children were born and old folks died. Joy and sorrow mingled in everybody's lot. The seasons followed their wonted round. seedtime and harvest, summer and winter never ceased.

When we turn to the diaries which were written in those stirring times, we see reflected, even in the extracts printed here, all the many-sided experiences of our forefathers in those decades. Thomas Raikes, Lord Colchester, Fulke Greville, will talk to us of politics and permit us to catch a glimpse of the wheels within wheels that rumbled in the great political machine. They wrote intending us to have that privilege, and with their whole diaries before us it is more than a glimpse we get. George Rose will show us the government grappling with one at least of the economic problems that abounded. Cobbett, riding through the Wiltshire lanes, introduces us to rural labourers earning seven shillings a week, and Madox Brown lets us hear him dismissing a maidservant whose ill-temper five pounds a year scarcely suffices to control. He had some compunction about it afterwards. Lord Shaftesbury—he was Anthony Ashley Cooper then—will lead us through the factories, the mines and the slums, and compel us to acknowledge the vexations and oppressions in the midst thereof. Byron does not hide from us his proud waywardness. Benjamin Newton tells us something of how a Yorkshire vicar spends his days. Tom Moore will take us to many a dinner table, where, if we may not taste the viands, we may listen to the conversation as it dwells now on affairs of state and now on literature, and laugh sometimes at a good story. We may accept an invitation from Crabb Robinson to join him in a walk through the fields with Wordsworth, to meet Carlyle at breakfast, to go with him to Charles Lamb's, or merely to contemplate the sight of a publisher in the pillory. Macready will oblige us with a peep behind the scenes in the theatre. Haydon will allow us to sit with him in his studio and watch him fighting a losing battle with poverty. Scott will open his heart to us that we may learn how a great spirit rises to meet the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Or if we turn to the women diarists we may observe through Caroline Fox's eyes numbers of distinguished personages, including the Begum of Oude with her quaint comments on English ways of thinking. We may wander with Dorothy Wordsworth in the Lake Country and come to know something of the

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peasantry there, and to see her brother as she saw him. We may make friends with Emily Shore, that bright, lovable, ill-fated girl, with her passion for knowledge, her interest in ants and caterpillars, birds and bees, music and poetry, Herodotus and chronology. Or we may rejoice with Mary Shelley in her happy married life, and sit silent with her while she struggles bravely to carry on in spite of a broken heart after her husband's untimely death. These are intimate confidences the women give us. They were not meant for publication.

Most interesting it is to watch the personality of the diarist peeping through the interstices of his entries. Dorothy Wordsworth little suspected how much of her own womanly qualities she displayed in those pages in which she thought she was recording only the affairs of the countryside, its beauty and its effects on William. Macleady may have been aware that he was giving himself and his hot temper away, but surely little Tom Moore was unconscious of the innocent vanity he so often allowed to appear. Emily Shore's loveliness adorns every page she wrote and wins our hearts across the century. Cobbett's volcanic prejudices, which would have irritated us at the time, amuse us now. We admire the shrewd decisiveness of George Rose. One may be surprised that so little humour appears in the diaries: a good story is recorded now and then, or a witty saying. But whatever humour the diarists had in their own composition seldom overflows into their journals. Probably they wrote for the most part at night. In any case a man seldom jokes with himself. The life of a jest owes as much to the hearer as to the perpetrator. Humour shrinks from solitude.

If this little book shall serve to deepen the reader's interest in the times which it illustrates, perhaps to lead him to explore at length some of the diaries from which the extracts are taken, or even to pass pleasantly an idle hour, its purpose will have been achieved.

JOHN SKINNER

1772-1839

JOHN SKINNER was rector of Camerton in Somersetshire from 1800 till 1839. The living was bought for him by an uncle, and afforded him "a comfortable independence". He was an unfortunate man, for, though he was generous with his means and painstaking in his duties, his conscientiousness often lacked discretion, and his want of tact made him many enemies. Left a widower in 1812, and losing his eldest daughter, whom he dearly loved, in 1820, for the rest of his life he was sad and lonely. As time went on he became estranged from his own family, his mind gave way, and he died by his own hand at the age of fifty-eight.

His hobby was the study of the Roman antiquities in his neighbourhood. His voluminous diaries are occupied for the most part with accounts of his antiquarian researches. But after the death of his wife their character changes. They become a record of his daily doings, his difficulties with his parishioners, and his observations and reflections on men and things about him.

1823, *October 10th, Friday* I found on getting up this morning that my outdoor servant, Heal, was not come to make the cyder; on going after breakfast to enquire respecting him, his mother said that she had some to make herself, and it was very hard that he should not assist her, as she could get none of the colliers to work for her. I said it would have been very easy to ask leave; that I had it in my power to punish him for leaving his work in this manner; that the week before he had left his work twice without even saying he was going; and if I went to Mr. Purnell I made no doubt he would grant a warrant, but I should not trouble myself to do so, but immediately get another person to finish my cider, and should have no further need of his service. The woman gave a kind of insolent smile, and said I was at liberty to do as I chose. I accordingly called at the Hopyards to speak to John Cook, and he promised to come to-morrow.

October 19th, Sunday. I preached in the morning on the text, "Teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples," showing that a form of prayer [was] given us by our Saviour Himself, and pointing out the great loss the Methodists sustained by turning their backs on the Church Liturgy, in short, it was my duty to tell the people of my parish plainly that the doctrines taught at the Church and meeting house were not the same; that the prayers of the Church of England were composed by the best and wisest of men. The combination of the Catholics, Methodists, and Dissenters of all descriptions against the Church and State

is now too openly proclaimed to be mistaken, and it was the duty of my parishioners to attend to me as long as they could be improved by what I delivered. Mr. Purnell, who was at Church, accompanied me to the Parsonage, stating he had a little business to settle. On arriving there he said he had called during the week, and found I was from home; that he had brought a stamp receipt, which I could antedate, for £15 he was indebted to me for the half-year's composition for Woodborough. I replied I could not think of antedating any paper of a Sunday especially, and begged to be excused from so doing. I therefore put up the three five-pound notes which he had laid on the table, and the stamp, and said I would call on him after breakfast on Monday morning, when we might settle the business. He is a strange man—very ignorant, certainly, and I apprehend has but very unstable notions of religion. Mr. Purnell has never received the Sacrament, excepting when he was to qualify himself for a magistrate, and I am sure in other respects—*sed verbum sat sapienti.*

October 21st, Tuesday I walked to the Glebe house after breakfast, and spoke to John Cook on the subject of his going there. I told him candidly I had met with so much dishonesty and deception from the Camerton people, I was almost determined never to employ one of them again in my service; however, I would give him a trial to Lady Day. I then hinted at his wife being too fond of dress, saying that young Widcombe would have been now in prosperity had it not been for the misconduct of his wife in the first instance, which influenced his own. The man listened attentively, and replied I should never have reason to accuse him of dishonesty, and he should endeavour to do everything to show his gratitude. I agreed to pay him eight shillings a week till Lady Day, as the house is fully worth two shillings a week more, indeed, he paid as much for the one he now occupied. I moreover gave him the crop of potatoes in the garden, which is fully worth five pounds, so that he begins his career under easy circumstances as far as respects myself, and I only hope he has no old debts to liquidate.

November 6th, Thursday. Roused to more active exertions by the account of an almost unheard-of piece of barbarity in a Christian country. A collier of the name of Hodges came to inform me that James Evans, an infirm pauper, who has been for a long time in a crippled helpless state through rheumatism, in the Camerton Poor House, had actually been left for ten days in his filth, so that maggots had bred in his flesh and eaten great holes in his body. Trusting that this account was not altogether

as bad as represented, I sent some refreshment by the man who related it, and almost immediately followed him to the scene of misery. Two women I there found employed in washing his things, and, notwithstanding they had cleansed the object, who is almost childish and unable to help himself, from the nastiness in which he had been so long wallowing, the stench was intolerable. Finding Mr. Hicks, the Overseer, was from home, I spoke to Mr. Fear, the Bailiff of the Coal Works, and begged he would have an eye to this poor man. I also promised one of the women I would give her half-a-crown to attend him till Hicks returned, and then I would myself see that he did his duty. I afterwards visited poor Garratt, the collier, who is, I fear, in a dangerous state from a stoppage of water, which Mr Flower does not seem able to remedy. Poor fellow, his sufferings have been extreme; it will indeed be a happy release if it pleases God to take him.

November 7th, Friday. Mrs Hicks, the Overseer's wife, called after breakfast to exculpate herself and her husband from any charge of neglect which might be brought against them on account of James Evans, by endeavouring to lay the whole of the blame on Mrs. Mitcham, a poor woman who used to assist the people in the Poor House, but I think this is nonsense, since Hicks never gave an additional allowance to this woman for so doing, and besides the woman has not strength herself, being aged, to attend on so helpless a being as Evans, and lift him from his bed when he needed it. I pointed out all these circumstances, and moreover said, if the man had died through neglect, the blame certainly would have lain at her husband's door, and it would have been a very serious thing for him to have answered before the Magistrates of the County.

November 8th, Saturday. Poor Garratt, the collier, died this morning, also Evans, the miserable creature in the Poor House.

December 25th, Thursday. I cannot say my sleep was disturbed, but my waking hours certainly were by the ringing of bells about seven o'clock announcing the joyous day, when half the Parish at least will be drunk.

1830, *April 18th, Sunday.* As I heard during the morning that the colliers had it in contemplation to strike work on account of their wages being about to be lowered, I spoke to one of the colliers, and said if they had any just ground for complaint how much better it would be to send two or three whom they might depend on to state their grievances, and if there was any foundation for them I had no doubt but they would be attended to, but if they struck work it would only be taking bread out of their

own mouths and the mouths of their families. The man said he thought with me on the subject, and that they would get no good by opposition. It is now six or seven years ago that there was a combination among the colliers, and the Camerton people struck with the rest and did not work for several days. I then went to them and gave them the same advice, which they would not listen to then, but afterwards told me they wished they had done so, as they were influenced by other people, having nothing really to complain of themselves.

I called at the Manor House. Mrs. Jarrett entered into a long account of the intended opposition of the colliers to their employers. She said it was only for the matter of about £30 that they made all this fuss, for it would not be more if the person who rose the steam was continued instead of dispensed with, and that this was the reason they felt dissatisfied, that the Proprietors of the Works knew nothing about the management of them themselves; that she had desired that things might go on as heretofore till the meeting of the Coal Proprietors, and would pay out of her own pocket the wages of the steam man. I had never understood that there had been any dispute about the steam man, but only heard they objected to a diminution of their wages. What authority Mrs. Jarrett had to interfere with the management of the works is another question. She has only a free share; but this politic lady has one thing which gives her the fullest power over the men, and which, if the Proprietors ever come to open contest with her, they will find to their cost, renders her power absolute. She has authority over the residences of all the colliers, who are only weekly tenants, and may be dismissed *ad libitum*.

April 19th, Monday I walked towards the middle of the day into the village, as I understood that the colliers had struck work, not on account of the steam man being taken away, but because some of them were lowered 3s. a week in their pay, which they said they could not afford, as most of them had to pay £5 or guineas for the hire of their houses, and sometimes they did not work above four days in the week. I said I was sure if this was properly represented to the Proprietors by two or three of the men, and if on examination they found it true, they would not persevere in the measure, that it was not their interest to have the men work for sums on which they could not live; that I should recommend their deputing three of the most intelligent men to see the Proprietors before they came on Wednesday to Camerton. It would not do to meet them, as I heard them say, in a full body, for that would have a mutinous appearance, and

nothing was ever got by that. The men were very civil, for I spoke to no less than three sets of them to this effect, but they said that it would be difficult to find any to go on the mission, as the masters had determined, they said, to turn the people out who should venture to speak to them on anything of the kind, and would first be dismissed from their works. I know there are some artful, ill-disposed fellows among the colliers, but there are also others who will suffer beyond bearing if the three shillings a week are taken from their scanty pay.

FORD MADOX BROWN

1821-1893

FORD MADOX BROWN was not only an eminent painter, but something of a poet too, and not without an interest in the political and social developments of his time. He was a man of great personal charm, impetuous at times, warm hearted and affectionate, and of so honest a spirit that he could not let any old picture of his go out of his hands without retouching it and improving it as his added experience enabled him to do. The following extracts from his diary show the industry with which he worked, and give us a glimpse of his moral sensitiveness.

1848, *March 25th*. Got up at seven, to work by nine. Painted till twelve at the head of fair Page. Maitland came. Painted the hose of John of Gaunt; did not do, rubbed it out again. Had interruptions. Elliott, Thomas, and Rossetti called; the latter my first pupil. Curious enough—he wrote to ask me to give him lessons, from his opinion of *my high talents*, knew every work I had exhibited and all about them. Will see what we can make of him. Worked from ten till twelve at correcting the arms of Wiclif (nine hours). . . .

March 27th. Got up at eight; to work half-past nine; till six painted the water behind the pages, etc., and the heads of the two boys, with part of the railing: heads in shadow very difficult. Dined and walked out, and wrote two notes. Set to work by nine, designing ornamental work for the spandrils, and also the figure of Catholicism, much to my satisfaction. Writing this, and mean to work one hour more at the spandrils (eleven hours' work). . . .

April 2nd. Got up at seven, to work by nine. Till twelve, at the head of John of Gaunt from Smith (bad): glazed a sleeve, and the blue velvet of the same. Painted at the head of Chaucer from Hewlett from three till six (bad). Worked from nine till ten at

setting the lay figure for the monk's draperies, drew part of them till quarter to twelve (eleven hours). . . .

April 5th. Got up at six, to work by seven. Till ten at the shoes of Gower, and the steps; from half-past ten till half-past one at the head of Wiclif from Krone; eyes so dizzy obliged to leave off. Went for a walk, bathed my eyes; began again at three till six—not the thing. Dined, went to sleep. Mr. and Mrs. Lucy called in. Set to work at ten, at one of the cinquefoil ornaments. Have not yet finished it, twelve o'clock; must finish it before I go to bed—finished it by one (twelve and a half hours' work).

April 6th. - Got up at half-past six; to work, by a quarter to eight till one, at the figure of Wiclif. Glazed his gown and part of his cloak, and repainted a long time at the head. Eyes very bad; walked out over the Park. Began again at the head at two till three; then painted till six at the hands of John of Gaunt. Lucy came in, and drew-in the figure with lily in the spandril. I began work again at nine, at one of the cinquefoils, finished it by eleven; must try and do the other and last one. Did nothing more (eleven hours).

April 7th. Got up at quarter-past seven; to work by half-past eight at the third head of Chaucer, made it worse than before. Had Mrs. Yates for it. Worked till eleven at it—quite horrible. Afterwards painted the two hands rather well; then painted the hands of Gower and one foot of Wiclif pretty well. John Marshall called in, talked a great deal about the approaching revolution; what is to be the upshot of it? Thomas called in. I set to work again at half-past nine till eleven, and drew-in the figure in the spandril with the lily (ten hours' work). . . .

April 14th. Up at seven, to work by eight. Painted the head of Wiclif till half-past ten from old Coulton. My uncle Madox called at twelve. Began retouching the arch; worked at it till six. Went to the Free Exhibition. began painting the female in the spandril at nine; worked till half-past twelve (eleven hours' work).

April 16th. My birthday; twenty-seven to-day, alas! Got up at seven; to work by eight. Painted the red cross and rosary of Chaucer, then the hose of the Duke. Muddled at them; could not succeed. In despair rubbed them out again partly, and made them another colour, yellow and grey. Will do, *must do*, but not very well. Glazed the archway, and began marking-in the stones. Did a little to the cloak of Wiclif, and the hassock of the female. Began work again by eight till two in the morning; painted a host of little odds and ends (fifteen hours).

April 17th Got up at six; to work by half-past eight. Finished the Pages and Chaucer and Gower and Wiclif: painted the green

rushes; finished the ground, the reading-desk, and the female's chair. In the evening painted at the letters from nine till eleven. Then again at the female and the mosaic work till four in the morning (seventeen hours).

April 18th Got up at six, to work by half-past seven. Repainted the whole of the flesh, glazing the shadows with yellow lakes and madder, and repainted the lights with their white tints. At three began at the general effect. Worked till half-past six, then again till three at the mosaic work and sundries (eighteen hours).

April 19th. Got up at six set off with my picture to the gallery, Hyde Park Corner. Got there by nine. Ten o'clock before framed, and that did not fit. Thought I had all day to work, but found we were all to decamp at ten. Got leave to wait till the sweeping was done, and set to work again at twelve till six. Improved the general appearance much by glazing, etc. Slept next door at a tavern, to be able to be at work next morning at six, to finish it before the private view (six hours).

1854, *August 26th.* I hope I shall keep this one¹ more regularly than hitherto. Having now recommenced, I must be in earnest, one would think, after such a pause. Should every one keep a record of his daily acts and sentiments, the history of the world would be made out in a way that no historian could distort. However illiberal or enthusiastic in his nature, however stupid a man might be, could he be persuaded to set down what he thought or did, something would accrue from it. To judge by myself, however, many would have day after day to record blank. I have had a trouble to remember if it is one or two days that I have omitted to fill in, for want of a book; and, now I know it to be two, I can remember yesterday but not the one before. I know them both to have been idle ones. A loathing of my vocation has seized me. I must rest. Work, work, work for ever muddles a man's brain, and mine at times is none of the clearest. What have I done to-day? Worked in the garden, and weeded the back yard. Yesterday I turned a servant out of doors. . . . About this girl turned out of doors, let me record the fact, and, if wrong, so confess, if not atone. We took her from Barnet Union; she was hard-working and reasonably good in her behaviour. But she seemed to be cursed with the devil's own temper, which made her uncontrollably surly at times, also at times insufferably insolent. . . . Yesterday we were going into London, and she was to take Katty for a walk while we

¹ This new diary book.

were absent. On account of the cholera now everywhere, I cautioned her not to take the child into any house. She answered, "I won't take the child out at all." She stuck to this, I to the fact that servants must do what they are told, or leave. She was obstinate, I told her she should leave the house that minute. . . . Before one she was gone. I gave her wages up to the day, and one month clear, so she went off with 12s 6d. Her wages were £5 a year, everything found her. If this is poor wages for a girl, I myself am very poor, and cannot help it. She had a good place in all except wages, but wanted sense to keep it. Where she is gone I know not. And now for my share. Was I right? Custom says yes—conscience says no. Discretion says, "What would it have come to at last, had you put up with such rebellion in one instance? Charity says "Better put up with it a dozen times than turn a poor girl out, because she is a fool by nature, with 12s. 6d. in her pocket." I feel like a scoundrel. Yet it was her own fault—I was not even cross with her to draw forth her insolence. I don't know what to think of it; I must endeavour to forbear passion in future and all haste. Had I not been angered, I might have found some way to adjust matters without proceeding to extremities. . . .

August 28th. I went into London early, walking to Hampstead. Called on old White, a serious too-long-deferred visit. He says he'll come and buy the *Lady of Saturday Night* Cartoon for £20. This will save our bacon for a little while longer, I do begin to think that the run of ill-luck is out for this time, and that good will continue to be the order.

1854, *December 22nd, Sunday.* Up at half-past eight—bath, Worked well all day at the *Lady of Saturday*. finished the drapery and began spoiling the heads

December 23rd Up at half-past nine—no bath—to work at the *Ladye*. Found part of the drapery bad, rubbed it out, heightened the sea she sits on, mended the heads again; did a great deal, but not finished yet. Any one might be surprised to read how I work whole days on an old drawing done many years since, and which I have twice worked over since it was rejected from the Royal Academy in '47, and now under promise of sale to White for £20. But I cannot help it. When I see a work going out of my hands, it is but natural, if I see some little defect, that I should try to mend it, and what follows is out of my power to direct: if I give one touch to a head, I give myself three days' work, and spoil it half-a-dozen times over. This is invariable. Is it so with every one? Alas! . . .

THOMAS RAIKES

1779-1848

RAIKES was a member of an old Yorkshire family and a partner in a London merchant house. He was no good as a business man. Well educated, much travelled, something of a linguist and litterateur, his world was that of the clubs and dinner tables of the West End. From such coigns of vantage as these afforded he looked out on the political and social life of his time. The pages of his diary, well flavoured as it is with current gossip, give us vivid impressions from the Tory angle of the tides of feeling which swayed in England when Slavery, the Irish Question and the Reform Bill were among the chief topics of the day. Even when financial troubles compelled him to transfer his residence to Paris his correspondence with his London friends kept him in touch with what was being said and done, and his cosmopolitan interests enabled him to fill the pages of his Journal with copious rumours and criticisms of what was happening on the European stage. Portions of the Journal, which was kept with commendable regularity from 1831 to 1847, were published in 1856. From the second edition, published two years later, the following extract is taken.

1832, *May 7th, Monday*. This evening the House of Peers met in committee on the bill¹; and on the first division the Government were beat by a majority of thirty-five, to their own great astonishment. Lord Grey upon this immediately adjourned the House till Thursday. He said to Lord Wharnccliffe, with evident vexation, on going out of the House, "You may now take the bill, and do what you please with it." They must, it is supposed, now, either make peers, and not less than sixty, or resign.

May 8th, Tuesday. Much anxiety and gossiping at all the clubs during the day, but nothing known. Lords Grey and Brougham went down to the King at Windsor, and returned in the evening. A cabinet council was held on their return, which broke up at twelve o'clock, but nothing transpired. One circumstance alone struck me and others forcibly. Sefton was at the opera in the highest spirits possible, he came at half-past one into the supper-room at Crockford's, having most probably driven in the interim to Downing Street, and I never saw such an alteration. His face was the picture of despair and vexation.

May 9th, Wednesday. Sefton's face was a true barometer. The King has refused to make the peers, and this morning the ministers have given in their resignations, which have been accepted. Still they attended at the levee, and the King appeared cheerful. Brookes's Club² is full of weeping and gnashing of

¹ The Reform Bill

² The resort of the Whigs

teeth, so little was the party prepared for this sudden catastrophe. No one knows to whom the King will turn for his new advisers, and the aspect of affairs is cloudy enough; but the funds have not fallen much, the three per cents leaving off at eighty-four. Lord Grey in the House to-night announced the retreat of himself and colleagues, which had been graciously accepted by His Majesty. Very little passed, except some severe remarks from Lord Carnarvon on the *atrocious coup d'état* which had been meditated by Lord Grey against the privileges of that house. In the evening the King sent for Lord Lyndhurst, and some violent resolutions were passed at Brookes's, to be brought forward to-morrow in the Commons. Sefton told me that he knew the fact early this morning, and went instantly to communicate it to Talleyrand, who was thunderstruck at the news, and sent it off by express to Paris. It must make a great alteration in our foreign political relations, and be much to the satisfaction of Holland, Russia, etc.

May 10th, Thursday. Various rumours all the morning. At night it was pretty well understood that the Duke would undertake the formation of a ministry, under certain conditions; but Sir R. Peel persists in his refusal to accept office. He says, that he underwent so much obloquy on account of his vote on the Catholic question, that he will not be induced by any motives of place to alter his opinion; which proves that the Duke means to make great concessions as to reform. The present Government loudly proclaim the impossibility of forming a Tory Ministry which can last three weeks under the present exciting circumstances, and exult in the certainty of their speedy return to power. Is not this as much as to say, that they have resigned on the first difficulty purposely to create tumult and confusion in the country, that they may then be brought back on the shoulders of the people in triumph? May they be disappointed! Lord Ebrington's motion in the Commons to approve the conduct of Lord Grey and his colleagues was carried by a majority of eighty, which is not surprising.

A curious circumstance occurred to-day in the conference on Greek affairs. Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian minister, has been for some time holding back from signing the treaty for Prince Otho's accession to the throne, with a view to get more money for him guaranteed by the Three Powers; but on Palmerston representing to him that his powers would cease in a few days, and Talleyrand showing that Périer, whose confidence he so entirely possessed, must soon be replaced by others, who might have different views on the subject, he has suddenly made up his mind to submit to their proposal, which is a loan of 60,000,000

francs, and will sign the treaty to-morrow. This I know from undoubted authority.

May 11th, Friday. A great Tory meeting at Apsley House, when all party schisms were abjured by the ultra party, and a general reconciliation took place, with a determination to pull together for the common cause. A list was then formed by the Duke, which was carried down to Windsor by Lord Lyndhurst immediately. The result is not known to-night; but it is asserted that a strong measure of reform, as being absolutely necessary to the peace of the country, will form the basis of their policy. I have just seen Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, who told me that he had left the King at two o'clock, who was in excellent spirits, and said to him on parting, "I do not know who are my ministers; but I am determined to do what I feel is right without consulting any one." The expresses from Manchester and Birmingham mention considerable excitement of course, and a disposition not to pay taxes. This feeling will probably be increased when they hear the Tories are coming into power, and I fear much tumult may ensue in many places; but we must hope for the best.

May 12th, Saturday. The King came to town this morning at one o'clock, when he met the Duke at the palace, who, after a short interview, kissed hands as premier. None of the other appointments are known. The King, it appears, is in very good spirits. The first measure to which he has been advised by the Duke, is not to receive the delegates from the political union at Birmingham, as an association not authorised by the law.

May 13th, Sunday. There was a great Tory dinner of forty covers at the new club. The Duke in the chair. Many speeches after dinner, which concurred in admitting the necessity of reform. In the evening there was a most violent meeting of Whigs at Brookes's, where the virulence of the speeches, particularly that of Mr. Stanley, the Irish secretary, who got upon the table, showed the exasperated feelings of the party. Yesterday, when Lord Foley went to the palace, to give in his resignation as captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, the King said to him, "I am an old man, and I do not think I shall ever live to see you in place again."

May 14th, Monday. Dined at Sir Robert Peel's, where there is a fine gallery of paintings by the old masters, and the best collection of Sir T. Lawrence's portraits—particularly those of the Duke of Wellington and Canning. We saw a new picture by Haydon, being a back view of Napoleon on the Isle of St. Helena, contemplating the sea. the effect is not pleasing; and as

the painter had never seen the original, can have no absolute value.

The list not being formed, the Duke did not go to the House, as was expected; indeed, there seems to be still much difficulty in effecting this object. Mr Baring in the Commons declared, that he now saw reform must be carried, a prelude, it is supposed, to taking office. A meeting of Radicals at St. John's Wood, which ended in nothing. Late in the evening the debate took a most stormy turn, and such violent abuse was heaped on the Duke for changing his politics, that, though I firmly believe he is actuated only by worthy motives, to save the country from the grasp of democracy, yet it is to be feared this virulent excitement, on the part of his political opponents, will be greedily caught up by the public in general, who believe that statesmen can never be actuated by any other feeling than the love of place. I say, I fear, that he will not be able to fight against the storm; that the dread of the world's harsh judgment will damp his energies, will not only prevent his persevering in the formation of a new Ministry, but will also deter many others from enlisting under his standard, and giving him that assistance which it is certain his own intentions deserve. Nobody doubts his dislike to the bill; all must see that he yields his opinion and gives his aid to one evil in order to avoid a greater in perspective, but, nevertheless, the *protest*, so lately signed by him in the Lords, stares all in the face as an apparent inconsistency.

May 15th, Tuesday This morning, as was anticipated, the Duke signified to the King that, owing to the excitement produced by the present crisis, he could not form an administration. The King wrote to Lord Grey, whose answer was very long, and, it is said, couched in haughty terms, demanding *carte blanche* to make peers, which the King still positively refuses to do. We are therefore still without any government. The feeling at night was general, that the Tory Lords would no longer oppose the bill, but walk out without voting, and allow Lord Grey to carry the measure without a fresh creation, by which means they save the Peers from being swamped. This is the line they ought to have taken at the commencement, it would have been consistent, and given a weight to the party, which would probably have enabled them to oust the Whigs hereafter, upon the valid grounds of their insufficiency and ignorance. I fear, however, Lord Grey may still insist on making peers, though sure of carrying this bill, to obtain a support on other matters for the future.

May 16th, Wednesday. A day of various and conflicting reports. At one time it was conceived that all was settled, that

Lord Grey had carried his point with the King; but at night Sefton's face, which is my barometer, augured that no settlement had as yet been accomplished. There was a levee in the morning, and a grand dinner given by the King to the Jockey Club. The cabinet council was still sitting, and no answer to the King's message decided upon.

The changes here have created much sensation in Paris, and will influence the appointment of a new minister there, in the room of Périer, who is dying.

May 17th, Thursday. Another stormy debate in the Lords, where the Duke made his statement. Nothing settled as to the Ministry, or any change in the King's decision concerning peers. An express arrived to-night with the news that Casimir Périer died yesterday morning at ten o'clock.

May 18th, Friday. At last this awful question is settled. Lord Grey announced in the House that he had received *assurances* which enabled him to congratulate the country on the success of the bill. He had the means of carrying it unimpaired in all its branches; but he did not say whether by creation of peers or secession of the opposition. Mr. Hume, the member for Middlesex, and most vapouring radical in the House, has shown that courage is not amongst his peculiar virtues. He in the most uncalled-for manner wrote to the constituents of Mr. Horatio Ross, member for the Scotch burgh, Arbroath, Aberdeen, etc., that he had deserted his duty to them, and was become lukewarm in the cause of reform. Mr. Ross instantly wrote to him, that he was a malicious liar, and demanded a recantation or satisfaction. The cautious demagogue submitted to the insult, and retracted his expressions, in a letter which Mr. Ross will be well justified in publishing.

May 19th, Saturday. A numerous meeting of Tories assembled at Apsley House to-day, when the Duke proposed that they should not secede jointly as a body, but each individually refrain from voting on the bill, which in most instances will be adopted, and thus the evil of a creation of peers be avoided. There is much alarm in some branches of the cabinet about the future, they begin to feel that they have raised a power which they can never put down, a power that will only go with them as long as they follow its impulse. The political unions have spoken too loudly now ever to be silenced again, and they will eventually overturn not only this government, but any other which may succeed. The Duke of R. has said to Lord W., "You may think yourselves defeated, but ours is the real defeat; we have created the monster, which will turn upon us as well as you. Attwood

and O'Connell will turn the scale in the end." It is plainly to be seen that they dread the Irish bill, as the most tremendous struggle of all, and they must take the consequences, come what will. The die is cast; to go back is impossible; the tide of innovation has set in, and who shall say where it will carry us? From this day dates a new era for England. Placards are streaming about the streets with "Glory and honour to the people." And what is the people? what has the people always been? The most capricious, the most cruel, the most ungrateful and selfish class of society; but we must be governed by this same people which fifteen years ago was the worshipper of the Duke, which hailed him as the saviour of Europe, but now pursues his steps with curses deep and loud, and showers on him all the bitterness of malignant invective, nay, more, which pants for his life! I have heard it frequently asserted by the Government party, that, if on this occasion he took office, before a week was out he would be assassinated. This is the real evil; it is not the disfranchising rotten boroughs, and the enfranchising other places, it is the reckless agitation of the whole country, caused by an unprincipled set of men, to keep themselves in place, which we have now to deplore.

June 7th, Thursday. The King gave his assent to the Reform Bill by *commission*, to the great annoyance of ministers, who wished to induce him to do it in person.

TOM MOORE

1779-1852

TOM MOORE, though born in Dublin, preferred, like many other Irishmen, to live in England. His facile pen earned him a good income which his somewhat extravagant tastes enabled him to spend. He made his home in a Wiltshire village. Business connected with his many literary undertakings, his love of travel, and the attraction of good society, took him often to London and elsewhere. The interest of his diary lies for the most part in his accounts of the dinners at which he was a guest: the people he met (and these included most of the notable men of his time), their opinions, political and other, the flashes of their wit, the stories they told, and the impression they made on him. He kept it with fair regularity from 1818 till his faculties became overclouded some four or five years before he died.

1823, *April 4th*. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at

present, of the *London Magazine*) and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a Mæcenas of the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb, a clever fellow certainly, but full of villainous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. "I suppose," said Lamb, "you addressed that line of Pope's to it, 'Thou great *first cause*, least understood.'" Coleridge told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellarage, £3 10s. 6d" and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable, but on inquiry he found it was for the *cellar*-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence. He told, too, of the servant-maid where he himself had lodged at Ramsgate, coming in to say that he was wanted, there being a person at the door inquiring for a poet, and on his going out, he found it was a pot-boy from the public house, whose cry, of "any *pots* for the Angel," the girl had mistaken for a demand for a *poet*. Improbable enough. In talking of Klopstock, he mentioned his description of the Deity's "head spreading through space," which, he said, gave one the idea of a hydrocephalous affection. Lamb quoted an epitaph by Chio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus

He well performed the husband's, father's part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart

A good deal of talk with Lamb about De Foe's works, which he praised warmly, particularly *Colonel Jack*, of which he mentioned some striking passages. Is collecting the works of the Dunciad heroes. Coleridge said that Spencer is the poet most remarkable for contrivances of versification. his spelling words differently, to suit the music of the line, putting sometimes "spake," sometimes "spoke," as it fell best on the ear, etc. To show the difference in the facility of reciting verses, according as they were skilfully or unskilfully constructed, he said he had made the experiment upon *Beppo* and *Whistlercraft* (Frere's poem), and found that he could read three stanzas of the latter in the same time as two of the former. This is absurd. Talked much of

Jeremy Taylor; his work upon "Prophesying," etc. C. Lamb told me he had got £170 for his two years' contributions to the *London Magazine* (Letters of Elia). Should have thought it more.

April 9th. Dined at Power's, to meet Bishop. Jackson, the boxer, had called upon me in the morning to know where that well-known line, "Men are but children of a larger growth," is to be found; said there was a bet depending on it, and he thought I would be most likely to tell. Not, he said, in Young's *Night Thoughts*. Promised to make out, if I could.

April 10th. Dined at Rogers's. A distinguished party: S. Smith, Ward, Luttrell, Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Abercromby, Lord Clifden, etc. Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto, but this day he conquered me; and I now am his victim, in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips, highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith, very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by their contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith—that after the former, you remember what good things he said, and after the latter, you merely remember how much you laughed.

1825, *October 17th.* Bessy¹ would not hear of my staying at home: insisted that if I did not go to France, I must go either to Scotland or Ireland, to amuse myself a little. Dear generous girl, there never was anything like her for warm-heartedness and devotion. I shall certainly do no good at home, from the daily fidget I am kept in about my book. So perhaps an excursion somewhere, merely to change the current of my thoughts, would be of use.

October 29th. Set off between eleven and twelve in a chaise for Sir Walter Scott's. Stopped on the way to see Dryburgh Abbey on the grounds of Lord Buchan. The vault of Sir Walter Scott's family is here. Lord Buchan's own tombstone, ready placed, with a Latin inscription by himself on it, and a cast from his face let into the stone. Forded the Tweed below the chain bridge, and passed through Melrose, having a peep at the Abbey on my way, but reserving my view of it till I could see it with

¹ His wife.

Scott himself. Arrived at his house about two. His reception of me most hearty; we had met but once before, so long ago as immediately after his publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. After presenting me to Lady Scott and his daughter Anne (the Lockharts having, unluckily, just gone to Edinburgh), he and I started for a walk. Said how much he was delighted with Ireland; the fun of the common people. The postilion having run the pole against the corner of a wall and broken it down, crying out, "Well done, pole! didn't the pole do it elegantly, your honour?" Pointing to the opposite bank of the river, said it was believed still by some of the common people that the fairies danced in that spot, and, as a proof of it, mentioned a fellow having declared before him, in his judicial capacity, that having gone to pen his sheep about sunrise in a field two or three miles further down the river, he had seen little men and women under a hedge, beautifully dressed in green and gold, "the Duke of Buccleuch in full dress was nothing to them" "Did you, by the virtue of your oath, believe them to be fairies?" "I dinna ken, they looked very like the gude people" (evidently believing them to be fairies). The fact was, however, that these fairies were puppets belonging to an itinerant showman, which some weavers, in a drunken frolic, had taken a fancy to and robbed him of, but, fearing the consequences when sober, had thrown them under a hedge, where this fellow saw them . . .

When I remarked that every magazine now contained such poetry as would have made a reputation for a man some twenty or thirty years ago, he said (with much shrewd humour in his face), "Ecod, we were in the luck of it, to come before all this talent was at work." Agreed with me that it would be some time before a great literary reputation could be again called up, "unless," he added, "something new could be struck out; everything that succeeded lately owing its success, in a great degree, to its novelty." Talked a good deal about Byron, thinks his last cantos of *Don Juan* the most powerful things he ever wrote. Talking of the report of Lady Byron being about to marry Cunningham, said he would not believe it. "No, no, she must never let another man bear the name of husband to her." In talking of my sacrifice of the "Memoirs," said he was well aware of the honourable feelings that dictated it, but doubted whether he would himself have consented to it. On my representing, however, the strong circumstances of not only the sister of Lord Byron (whom he so much loved) requiring it, but his two most intimate friends, Kinnaid and Hobhouse, also insisting earnestly upon the total destruction of the MS., and the latter assuring me

that Lord Byron had expressed to him regret for having put such a work out of his own power, and had said that he was only restrained by delicacy towards me from recalling it; when I mentioned 'these circumstances (and particularly the last), he seemed to feel I could not have done otherwise than I had done. Thought the family, however, bound to furnish me every assistance towards a life of Lord B. I spoke of the advantage of Scotland over Ireland in her national recollections, in which he agreed and remarked the good luck of Scotland, in at last giving a king to England. In the spirit of this superiority he had himself insisted, in all the ceremonials attending the king's reception in Scotland, that England should yield the precedence; there had been some little tiffs about it, but the king himself had agreed readily to everything proposed to him. In talking of Ireland, said that he and Lockhart had gone there rather hostilely disposed towards the Catholic Emancipation, but that they had both returned converts to the necessity of conceding it. Dined at half-past five, none but himself, Mr. George Huntly Gordon (who is making a catalogue of his library), Lady Scott and daughter, and a boy, the son of his lost friend, William Erskine. After dinner pledged him in some whisky out of a *quaigh*; that which I drank out of very curious and beautiful. Produced several others, one that belonged to Prince Charles, with a glass bottom; others of a larger size, out of which he said his great-grandfather drank. Very interesting *tête-à-tête* with him after dinner. Said that the person who first set him upon trying his talent at poetry was Mat Lewis. He had passed the early part of his life with a set of clever, rattling, drinking fellows, whose thoughts and talents lay wholly out of the region of poetry; he, therefore, had never been led to find out his turn for it, though always fond of the old ballads. In the course of the conversation he, at last (to my no small surprise and pleasure), mentioned the novels without the least reserve as his own, "I then hit upon these novels," he said, "which have been a mine of wealth to me." Had begun *Waverley* long before, and then thrown it by, till, having occasion for some money (to help his brother, I think), he bethought himself of it, but could not find the MS.; nor was it till he came to Abbotsford that he at last stumbled upon it. By this he made £3,000. The conjectures and mystification at first amused him very much: wonders himself that the secret was so well kept, as about twenty persons knew it from the first. The story of Jeanie Deans founded upon an anonymous letter which he received; has never known from whom. The circumstance of the girl having refused the testimony in court, and then

taking the journey to obtain her sister's pardon, is a fact. Received some hints also from Lady Louisa Stuart (granddaughter, I believe, to Lord Bute), these the only aids afforded to him. His only critic was the printer, who was in the secret, and who now and then started objections which he generally attended to. Had always been in the habit (while wandering alone or shooting) of forming stories and following a train of adventures in his mind, and these fancies it was that formed the groundwork of most of his novels. "I find I fail in them now, however," he said, "I cannot make them as good as at first." He is now near fifty-seven, has no knowledge or feeling of music; knows nothing of Greek, indebted to Pope for his knowledge of Homer. Spoke of the scrape he got into by the false quantity in his Latin epitaph on his dog. I said that his letter on the subject was worth all the prosody that ever existed, and so it is; nothing was ever in better or more manly taste. In the evening Miss Scott sang two old Scotch songs to the harp. He spoke of Mrs. Lockhart (whom he seems thoroughly to love) as richer in this style of songs than Miss Scott. I then sang several things which he seemed to like. Spoke of my happy power of adapting words to music, which, he said, he could never attain, nor could Byron either. Story of the beggar: "Give that man some halfpence and send him away", "I never go away under sixpence." Spoke of the powers of all Irishmen for oratory; the Scotch, on the contrary, cannot speak; no Scotch orator can be named; no Scotch actors. Told me Lockhart was about to undertake the *Quarterly*, has agreed for five years; salary £1,200 a year, and if he writes a certain number of articles it will be £1,500 a year to him. Spoke of Wordsworth's absurd vanity about his own poetry; the more remarkable as Wordsworth seems otherwise a manly fellow. Story told him by Wordsworth, of Sir George Beaumont saying one day to Crabbe, at Murray's, on Crabbe putting an extinguisher on a tallow candle which had been imperfectly put out, and the smoke of which was (as Sir G. Beaumont said) curling up in graceful wreaths, "What, you a poet, and do that?" Thus Wordsworth told Scott was a set-off against the latter's praises of Crabbe, and as containing his own feelings on the subject, as well as Sir G. Beaumont's. What wretched twaddle! Described Wordsworth's manly endurance of his poverty. Scott has dined with him at that time in his kitchen; but though a kitchen, all was neatness in it. Spoke of Campbell; praised his *Hohenlinden*, etc., considered his *Pleasures of Hope* as very inferior to these lesser pieces. Talked of Holt, the Wicklow brigand, who held out so long in the mountains, and who dis-

tinguished himself on many occasions by great generosity; once or twice gave up men who had been guilty of acts of cruelty; is still alive, keeping (I believe) a public-house, and in good repute for quietness. Sir Walter Scott had wished much to have some talk with him, but feared it might do the man harm, by giving him high notions of himself, etc. "I could have put," says he, "a thousand pounds in his pocket, by getting him to tell simply the adventures in which he had been engaged, and then dressing them up for him." In speaking of the circumstances in which my intimacy with Byron began, and giving him an account of the message from Greville that followed, he spoke as if the thought had occurred to him at that time, whether he ought not himself to have taken notice, in the same manner, of what Byron had said of him.

1829, *March 1st to 12th.* Towards the end of this week she began to have *accesses* of extra weakness in the mornings, so much so as to make me think, each time, that her last moment was come, but she revived from them after taking some refreshment, and the strong cheerful tone of her voice on recovering from what had appeared to be death seemed wonderful, and even startling. Sunday, 8th, I rose early, and on approaching the room, heard the dear child's voice as strong, I thought, as usual; but, on entering, I saw death plainly in her face. When I asked her how she had slept, she said, "Pretty well," in her usual courteous manner; but her voice had a sort of hollow and distant softness not to be described. When I took her hand on leaving her, she said (I thought significantly), "Good-bye, papa." I will not attempt to tell what I felt at all this. I went occasionally to listen at the door of the room, but did not go in, as Bessy, knowing what an effect (through my whole future life) such a scene would have upon me, implored me not to be present at it. Thus passed the first of the morning. About eleven o'clock (as Bessy told me afterwards) the poor child, with an appearance rather of wandering in her mind, said, somewhat wildly, "I shall die, I shall die"; to which her mamma answered, "We pray to God continually for you, my dear Anastasia, and I am sure God must love you, for you have been always a good girl." "Have I?" she said; "I thought I was a very naughty girl; but I am glad to hear *you* say that I have been good; for others would perhaps say it out of compliment, but you know me, and must therefore think so, or you would not say it." "But everybody thinks the same, my love. All your young friends love you. Lady Lansdowne thinks you a very good girl." "Does she

mummy?" said the dear child; and then added, "Do you think I shall go to Lady Lansdowne's party this year?" I don't know what poor Bessy answered to this. In about three-quarters of an hour or less she called for me, and I came and took her hand for a few seconds, during which Bessy leaned down her head between the poor dying child and me, that I might not see her countenance. As I left the room, too, agonised as her own mind was, my sweet, thoughtful Bessy ran anxiously after me, and, giving me a smelling-bottle, exclaimed, "For God's sake don't *you* get ill." In about a quarter of an hour afterwards she came to me, and I saw that all was over. I could no longer restrain myself; the feelings I had been so long suppressing found vent, and a fit of loud violent sobbing seized me, in which I felt as if my chest was coming asunder. The last words of my dear child were "Papa, papa." Her mother had said, "My dear, I think I could place you more comfortably, shall I?" to which she answered "Yes," and Bessy, placing her hand under her back, gently raised her. That moment was her last. She exclaimed suddenly, "I am dying, I am dying, Papa! papa!" and expired.

On the 12th our darling child was conveyed to Bromham churchyard, poor Bessy having gone the night before to see where she was to be laid. Almost all those offices towards the dead, which are usually left to others to perform, the mother on this occasion would perform herself, and the last thing she did before the coffin was closed on Wednesday night was to pull some snowdrops herself and place them within it. She had already, indeed, laid on her dead darling's bosom a bunch of cowslips, which she had smelled to (and with *such* eagerness) the day before her death, and it was singular enough, and seemed to give Bessy pleasure, that though lying there three days they were scarcely at all faded. I had ordered a chaise on the morning of the funeral to take us out of the way of this most dreadful ceremony (well remembering how it harrowed up all our feelings in following my poor father to the grave), and a most melancholy drive we had of it for two long hours, each bearing up for the sake of the other, but all the worse, in reality, for the effort.

And such is the end of so many years of fondness and hope; and nothing is now left us but the dream (which may God in His mercy realise) that we shall see our pure child again in a world more worthy of her.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY

1797-1851

Mrs. SHELLEY's diary is of great interest. In earlier years it is a mere note of happenings, but after the tragic death of the poet she makes it her confidante. It is, for all its melancholy, a unique and brave spirit, pure, unselfish, devoted, that shines through its pages. A single extract will be sufficient here. It is dated almost two years after her bereavement.

1824, May 14th. This, then, is my English life, and thus I am to drag on existence; confined in my small room, friendless. Each day I string me to the task. I endeavour to read and write, my ideas stagnate and my understanding refuses to follow the words I read, day after day passes while torrents fall from the dark clouds, and my mind is as gloomy as this odious sky. Without human friends I must attach myself to natural objects, but though I talk of the country, what difference shall I find in this miserable climate. Italy, dear Italy, murderer of those I love and of all my happiness, one word of your soft language coming unawares upon me has made me shed bitter tears. When shall I hear it again spoken, when see your skies, your trees, your streams? The imprisonment attendant on a succession of rainy days has quite overcome me. God knows I strive to be content, but in vain. Amidst all the depressing circumstances that weigh on me, none sinks deeper than the failure of my intellectual powers, nothing I write pleases me. Whether I am just in this, or whether the want of Shelley's (oh, my loved Shelley, it is some alleviation only to write your name!) encouragement I can hardly tell, but it seems to me as if the lovely and sublime objects of nature had been my best inspirers, and, wanting them, I am lost. Although so utterly miserable at Genoa, yet what reveries were mine as I looked on the aspect of the ravine, the sunny deep and its boats, the promontories clothed in purple light, the starry heavens, the fireflies, the uprising of spring. Then I could think, and my imagination could invent and combine, and self became absorbed in the grandeur of the universe I created. Now my mind is a blank, a gulf filled with formless mist.

The Last Man.¹ Yes, I may well describe that solitary being's feelings: I feel myself as the last relic of a beloved race, my companions extinct before me.

And thus has the accumulating sorrow of days and weeks

¹ Title of a novel she was writing

been forced to find a voice, because the word *Lucena* met my eyes, and the idea of lost Italy sprang in my mind. What graceful lamps those are, though of base construction and vulgar use, I thought of bringing one with me; I am glad I did not. I will go back only to have a *Lucena*.

If I told people so they would think me mad, and yet not madder than they seem to be now, when I say that the blue skies and verdure-clad earth of that dear land are necessary to my existence.

If there be a kind spirit attendant on me in compensation for these miserable days, let me only dream to-night that I am in Italy! Mine own Shelley, what a horror you had (fully sympathised in by me) of returning to this miserable country! To be here without you is to be doubly exiled, to be away from Italy is to lose you twice. Dearest, why is my spirit thus losing all energy? Indeed, indeed, I must go back, or your poor utterly lost Mary will never dare think herself worthy to visit you beyond the grave.

May 15th. This then was the coming event that cast its shadow on my last night's miserable thoughts. Byron had become one of the people of the grave—that miserable conclave to which the beings I best loved belong. I knew him in the bright days of youth, when neither care nor fear had visited me—before death had made me feel my mortality, and the earth was the scene of my hopes. Can I forget our evening visits to Diodati? our excursions on the lake, when he sang the Tyrolese Hymn, and his voice was harmonised with winds and waves. Can I forget his attentions and consolations to me during my deepest misery? —Never.

Beauty sat on his countenance and power beamed from his eye. His faults being, for the most part, weaknesses, induced one readily to pardon them.

Albé¹—the dear, capricious, fascinating Albé—has left this desert world! God grant I may die young! A new race is springing about me. At the age of twenty-six I am in the condition of an aged person. All my old friends are gone, I have no wish to form new. I cling to the few remaining; but they slide away, and my heart fails when I think by how few ties I hold to the world. "Life is the desert and the solitude—how populous the grave"—and that region—to the dearer and best beloved beings which it has torn from me, now adds that resplendent spirit whose departure leaves the dull earth dark as midnight.

June 18th. What a divine night it is! I have just returned from

¹i.e. Allegra, daughter of Lord Byron.

Kentish Town; a calm twilight pervades the clear sky; the lamp-like moon is hung out in heaven, and the bright west retains the dye of sunset. If such weather would continue, I should write again; the lamp of thought is again illumined in my heart, and the fire descends from heaven that kindles it. Such, my loved Shelley, now ten years ago, at this season, did we first meet, and these were the very scenes—that churchyard, with its sacred tomb, was the spot where first love shone in your dear eyes. The stars of heaven are now your country, and your spirit drinks beauty and wisdom in those spheres, and I, beloved, shall one day join you. Nature speaks to me of you. In towns and society I do not feel your presence, but there you are with me, my own, my unalienable!

I feel my powers again, and this is, of itself, happiness, the eclipse of winter is passing from my mind. I shall again feel the enthusiastic glow of composition, again, as I pour forth my soul upon paper, feel the winged ideas arise, and enjoy the delight of expressing them. Study and occupation will be a pleasure, and not a task, and this I shall owe to sight and companionship of trees and meadows, flowers and sunshine.

England, I charge thee, dress thyself in smiles for my sake! I will celebrate thee, O England! and cast a glory on thy name, if thou wilt for me remove thy veil of clouds, and let me contemplate the country of my Shelley and feel in communion with him!

I have been gay in company before, but the inspiring sentiment of the heart's peace I have not felt before to-night; and yet, my own, never was I so entirely yours. In sorrow and grief I wish sometimes (how vainly!) for earthly consolation. At a period of pleasing excitement I cling to your memory alone, and you alone receive the overflowing of my heart.

Beloved Shelley, good-night. One pang will seize me when I think, but I will only think, that thou art where I shall be, and conclude with my usual prayer—from the depth of my soul I make it—May I die young!

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771-1832

It was only in the last years of his life that Sir Walter kept a diary. His material fortune, outwardly so splendid, had always rested on insecure foundations. In 1826, through the failure of a London publishing firm, he found himself faced with responsibilities amounting to something like £130,000. With heroic courage he refused to go bankrupt and set himself to clear his obligations by his literary labours.

Before he died he had come near to succeeding. Almost the first entry in his diary is a foreboding of the financial disaster, and most of its subsequent pages are shadowed by it. Day by day he unburdened his heart, to himself as it were, while he bravely laboured against overwhelming odds, acknowledging all the anxiety and humiliation which he resolutely hid from other people. In those years he lost his wife and the infirmities of advancing age increased upon him. It is Scott, growing old, stricken with misfortune, sorrow and much physical pain, whom we meet in the Journal, but it is Scott still full of courage, magnanimity, practical wisdom and humour. For it is not only of his ills he writes. He records the common occupations of every day, the friends he sees, the journeys he takes, his reflections on men and things, with many a whimsical comment on himself or others, many a felicitous, if often garbled, quotation, and sometimes a good story.

Edinburgh, 1825, November 20th. I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting, and I have deprived my family and the public of some curious information, by not carrying this resolution into effect. I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum-book, by throwing aside all pretence to regularity and order, and marking down events just as they occurred to recollection. I will try this plan; and behold I have a handsome locked volume, such as might serve for a lady's album. *Nota bene*, John Lockhart, and Anne, and I are to raise a Society for the Suppression of Albums. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicacy. Sir, your autograph—a line of poetry—or a prose sentence! Among all the sprawling sonnets, and blotted trumpery that dishonours these miscellanies, a man must have a good stomach that can swallow this botheration as a compliment.

I was in Ireland last summer, and had a most delightful tour. It cost me upwards of £500, including £100 left with Walter and Jane, for we travelled a large party and in style. There is much less exaggerated about the Irish than is to be expected. Their poverty is not exaggerated; it is on the extreme verge of human misery; their cottages would scarce serve for pig-styes, even in Scotland, and their rags seem the very refuse of a rag-shop, and are disposed on their bodies with such ingenious variety of wretchedness that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together. You are constantly fearful that some knot or loop will give, and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise. Then for their food, they have only potatoes, and too few of them. Yet the men look stout and healthy, the women buxom and well-coloured.

November 22nd. MOORE. I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, and perfect ease and good breeding about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. Less, I think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Mat, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. I remember a picture of him being handed about at Dalkeith House. It was a miniature I think by Sanders, who had contrived to muffle Lewis's person in a cloak, and placed some poignard or dark lanthorn appurtenance (I think) in his hand, so as to give the picture the cast of a bravo. "That like Mat Lewis?" said Duke Henry, to whom it had passed in turn; "why, that is like a MAN!" Imagine the effect! Lewis was at his elbow. Now Moore has none of this insignificance; to be sure his person is much stouter than that of M. G. L., his countenance is decidedly plain, but the expression is so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard, so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat—with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself "the great Twalmley—inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen." He also enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I.

Moore has, I think, been ill-treated about Byron's Memoirs; he surrendered them to the family (Lord Byron's executors) and thus lost £2,000 which he had raised upon them at a most distressing moment of his life. It is true they offered and pressed

the money on him afterwards, but they ought to have settled it with the booksellers and not put poor Tom's spirit in arms against his interest. I think at least it might have been so managed. At any rate there must be an authentic life of Byron by somebody. Why should they not give the benefit of their materials to Tom Moore, whom Byron had made the depositary of his own Memoirs?—but T. M. thinks that Cam Hobhouse has the purpose of writing Byron's life himself. He and Moore were at sharp words during the negotiation, and there was some explanation necessary before the affair ended. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's Memoirs would satisfy his executors. But there was a reason—*Premat nox alta*.

It would be a delightful addition to life, if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the theatre together, and the house, being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.

Here is a matter for a May morning, but much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city has affected H. and R.,¹ Constable's great agents. Should they go, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B.,² and myself. Thank God, I have enough at least to pay forty shillings in the pound, taking matters at the very worst. But much distress and inconvenience must be the consequence. I had a lesson in 1814 which should have done good upon me, but success and abundance erased it from my mind. But this is no time for journalising or moralising either. Necessity is like a sour-faced cook-maid, and I a turn-spit whom she has flogged ere now, till he mounted his wheel. If Woodstock can be out by 25th January it will do much, and it is possible

——'s son has saved his comrade on shipboard by throwing himself overboard and keeping the other afloat—a very gallant thing. But the *Gran giag' Asso* asks me to write a poem on the *civic crown*, of which he sends me a description quoted from Adam's *Antiquities*, which mellifluous performance is to persuade the Admiralty to give the young conservator promotion. Oh! he is a rare head-piece, an admirable Merron. I do not believe there is in nature such a full-acorned Boar.

Could not write to purpose for thuck-coming fancies; the wheel would not turn easily, and cannot be forced.

¹ Hurst and Robinson.

² James Ballantyne.

"My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff
Employs aft my hand, sir"

Went to dine at the Lord Justice-Clerk's as I thought by invitation, but it was for Tuesday se'nnight. Returned very well pleased, not being exactly in the humour for company, and had a beefsteak. My appetite is surely, excepting in quantity, that of a farmer; for, eating moderately of anything, my Epicurean pleasure is in the most simple diet. Wine I seldom taste when alone, and use instead a little spirits and water. I have of late diminished the quantity, for fear of a weakness inductive to a diabetes—a disease which broke up my father's health, though one of the most temperate men who ever lived. I smoke a couple of cigars instead, which operates equally as a sedative—

"Just to drive the cold winter away,
And drown the fatigues of the day."

I smoked a good deal about twenty years ago when at Ashestiel; but, coming down one morning to the parlour, I found, as the room was small and confined, that the smell was unpleasant, and laid aside the use of the *Nicotian weed* for many years, but was again led to use it by the example of my son, a hussar officer, and my son-in-law, an Oxford student. I could lay it aside to-morrow; I laugh at the dominion of custom in this and many things.

"We make the giants first, and then—*do not* kill them"

Edinburgh, December 18th. Ballantyne called on me this morning. *Venit illa suprema dies* My extremity is come. Cadell has received letters from London which all but positively announce the failure of Hurst and Robinson, so that Constable and Co. must follow, and I must go with poor James Ballantyne for company. I suppose it will involve my all. But if they leave me £500, I can still make it £1,000 or £1,200 a year. And if they take my salaries of £1,300 and £300, they cannot but give me something out of them. I have been rash in anticipating funds to buy land, but then I made from £5,000 to £10,000 a year, and land was my temptation. I think nobody can lose a penny—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall makes them higher, or seems so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and ~~that some~~ ~~at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the~~

innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. This news will make sad hearts at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford, which I do not nourish the least hope of preserving. It has been my Delilah, and so I have often termed it; and now the recollection of the extensive woods I planted, and the walks I have formed, from which strangers must derive both the pleasure and profit, will excite feelings likely to sober my gayest moments. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? My children are provided; thank God for that. I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things, I must get them kind masters; there may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.

I find my dogs' feet on my knees. I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere—this is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are. Poor Will Laidlaw! poor Tom Purdie! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him indeed, and now all is gone. He will have the "Journal" still, that is a comfort, for sure they cannot find a better Editor. *They*—alas! who will *they* be—the *unbekannten Obern* who are to dispose of my all as they will? Some hard-eyed banker; some of those men of millions whom I described. Cadell showed more kind and personal feeling to me than I thought he had possessed. He says there are some properties of works that will revert to me, the copy-money not being paid, but it cannot be any very great matter, I should think.

Another person did not afford me all the sympathy I expected, perhaps because I seemed to need little support, yet that is not her nature, which is generous and kind. She thinks I have been imprudent, trusting men so far. Perhaps so—but what could I do? I must sell my books to some one, and these folks gave me the largest price; if they had kept their ground I could have brought myself round fast enough by the plan of 14th December. I now view matters at the very worst, and suppose that my all

must go to supply the deficiencies of Constable I fear it must be so. His connections with Hurst and Robinson have been so intimate that they must be largely involved. This is the worst of the concern, our own is comparatively plain selling

Poor Gilhes called yesterday to tell me he was in extremity. God knows I had every cause to have returned him the same answer. I must think his situation worse than mine, as through his incoherent, miserable tale, I could see that he had exhausted each access to credit, and yet fondly imagines that, bereft of all his accustomed indulgence, he can work with a literary zeal unknown to his happier days I hope he may labour enough to gain the mere support of his family. For myself, the magic wand of the Unknown is shivered in his grasp. He must henceforth be termed the Too-well-known The feast of fancy is over with the feeling of independence. I can no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in my mind, haste to commit them to paper, and count them monthly, as the means of planting such groves, and purchasing such wastes; replacing my dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

"Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves "

This cannot be; but I may make substantial husbandry, write history, and such concerns They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation

"While the harness ore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road "

It is a bitter thought, but if tears start at it, let them flow I am so much of this mind, that if any one would now offer to relieve all my embarrassments on condition I would continue the exertions which brought it there, dear as the place is to me, I hardly think I could undertake the labour on which I entered with my usual alacrity only this morning, though not without a boding feeling of my exertions proving useless Yet to save Abbotsford I would attempt all that was possible My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me, and the pain of leaving it is greater than I can tell. I have about £10,000 of Constable's, for which I am bound to give literary value, but if I am obliged to pay other debts for him, I will take leave to retain this sum at his credit.

We shall have made some *kittle* questions of literary property amongst us. Once more, "Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards."

I have endeavoured at times to give vent to thoughts naturally so painful, by writing these notices, partly to keep them at bay by busying myself with the history of the French Convention. I thank God I can do both with reasonable composure. I wonder how Anne will bear this affliction? She is passionate, but stout-hearted and courageous in important matters, though irritable in trifles. I am glad Lockhart and his wife are gone. Why? I cannot tell; but I *am* pleased to be left to my own regrets without being melted by condolences, though of the most sincere and affectionate kind.

Anne bears her misfortune gallantly and well, with a natural feeling, no doubt, of the rank and consideration she is about to lose. Lady Scott is incredulous, and persists in cherishing hope where there is no ground for hope. I wish it may not bring on the gloom of spirits which has given me such distress. If she were the active person she once was that would not be. Now I fear it more than what Constable or Cadell will tell me this evening, so that my mind is made up.

Oddly enough, it happened. Mine honest friend Hector came in before dinner to ask a copy of my seal of Arms, with a sly kindness of intimation that it was for some agreeable purpose.

Half-past Eight. I closed this book under the consciousness of impending ruin, I open it an hour after, thanks be to God, with the strong hope that matters may be got over safely and honourably, in a mercantile sense. Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm, and though clamorous for assistance from Scotland, saying they had prepared their strongholds without need of the banks. This is all so far well, but I will not borrow any money on my estate till I see things reasonably safe. Stocks have risen from — to —, a strong proof that confidence is restored. But I will yield to no delusive hopes, and, fall back fall edge, my resolutions hold.

I shall always think the better of Cadell for this, not merely because his feet are beautiful on the mountains who brings good tidings, but because he showed feeling—deep feeling, poor fellow—he who I thought had no more than his numeration table, and who, if he had had his whole counting-house full of sensibility, had yet his wife and children to bestow it upon—I will not forget this if I get through. I love the virtues of rough and round men, the others are apt to escape in salt rheum, sal-volatile, and a white pocket-handkerchief. An odd thought

strikes me. when I die will the Journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read as the transient pout of a man worth £60,000, with wonder that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry has hung up his scutcheon for some 20s a week, and where one or two old friends will look grave and whisper to each other, "Poor gentleman," "A well-meaning man," "Nobody's enemy but his own," "Thought his parts could never wear out," "Family poorly left," "Pity he took that foolish title"? Who can answer this question?

What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected or left to myself, stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued in society for a time by most of my companions, getting forward and held a bold and clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer, broken-hearted for two years, my heart handsomely pieced again, but the crack will remain to my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times, once on the verge of ruin, yet opened new sources of wealth almost overflowing. Now taken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless the good news hold), because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. And what is to be the end of it? God knows. And so ends the catechism

Edinburgh, 1826, January 16th. Came through cold roads to as cold news. Huist and Robinson have suffered a bill of £1,000 to come back upon Constable, which I suppose infers the ruin of both houses. We shall soon see. Constable, it seems, who was to have set off in the last week of December, dawdled here till in all human probability his going or staying became a matter of mighty little consequence. He could not be there till Monday night, and his resources must have come too late. Dined with the Skenes.

January 17th James Ballantyne this morning—good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation; has indeed taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. Have apologised for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a *gaudeamus* on this day, and seemed to count much on my being present.

My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clerk, sister of Willie, died suddenly. I cannot choose but wish it had been S. W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles

to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament House—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way. But this must be borne *cum caeteris*; and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not feel despondent.

I have seen Cadell, Ballantyne, and Hogarth. All advise me to execute a trust of my property for payment of my obligations. So does John Gibson, and so I resolve to do. My wife and daughter are gloomy, but yet patient. I trust by my hold on the works to make it every man's interest to be very gentle with me. Cadell makes it plain that by prudence they will, in six months, realise £20,000, which can be attainable by no effort of their own.

January 18th He that sleeps too long in the morning, let him borrow the pillow of a debtor. So says the Spaniard, and so say I. I had of course an indifferent night of it. I wish these two days were over; but the worst *is* over. The Bank of Scotland has behaved very well; expressing a resolution to serve Constable's house and me to the uttermost, but as no one can say to what extent Hurst and Robinson's failure may go, borrowing would but linger it out.

January 19th. During yesterday I received formal visits from my friends, Skene and Colin Mackenzie (who, I am glad to see, looks well), with every offer of service. The Royal Bank also sent Sir John Hope and Sir Henry Jardine to offer to comply with my wishes. The Advocate came on the same errand. But I gave all the same answer—that my intention was to put the whole into the hands of a trustee, and to be contented with the event, and that all I had to ask was time to do so, and to extricate my affairs. I was assured of every accommodation in this way. From all quarters I have had the same kindness. Letters from Constable and Robinson have arrived. The last persist in saying they will pay all and everybody. They say, moreover, in a postscript, that had Constable been in town ten days sooner, all would have been well. When I saw him on 24th December, he proposed starting in three days, but dallied, God knows why, in a kind of infatuation, I think, till things had got irretrievably wrong. There would have been no want of support then, and his stock under his own management would have made a return immensely greater than it can under any other. *Now* I fear the loss must be great, as his fall will involve many of the country dealers who traded with him.

I feel quite composed and determined to labour. There is no remedy. I *guess* (as Mathews makes his Yankees say) that we shall not be troubled with visitors, and I *calculate* that I will not go out at all; so what can I do better than labour? Even

yesterday I went about making notes on *Waverley*, according to Constable's plan. It will do good one day. To-day, when I lock this volume, I go to Woodstock. Heigho!

Knight came to stare at me to complete his portrait. He must have read a tragic page, compared to what he saw at Abbotsford.

We dined of course at home, and before and after dinner I finished about twenty printed pages of *Woodstock*, but to what effect others must judge. A painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavouring to convince these poor dear creatures that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labour.

January 20th. Indifferent night—very bilious, which may be want of exercise. A letter from Sir J Sinclair, whose absurd vanity bids him thrust his finger into every man's pie, proposing that Hurst and Robinson should sell their prints, of which he says they have a large collection, by way of lottery like Boydell.

"In scenes like these which break our heart
Comes Punch, like you and —"

Mais pourtant, cultivons notre jardin. The public favour is my only lottery. I have long enjoyed the foremost prize, and something in my breast tells me my evil genius will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself. Why should I not? I have no enemies—many attached friends. The popular ascendancy which I have maintained is of the kind which is rather improved by frequent appearances before the public. In fact, critics may say what they will, but "*hain your reputation, and tyne your reputation,*" is a true proverb.

Sir William Forbes called—the same kind, honest friend as ever, with all offers of assistance, etc. All anxious to serve me, and careless about their own risk of loss. And these are the cold, hard, money-making men whose questions and control I apprehended.

Lord Chief Commissioner Adam also came to see me, and the meeting, though pleasing, was melancholy. It is the first time we have met since the *break up* of his hopes in the death of his eldest son on his return from India, where he was Chief in Council and highly esteemed. The Commissioner is not a very early friend of mine, for I scarce knew him till his settlement in Scotland with his present office. But I have since lived much with him, and taken kindly to him as one of the most pleasant, kind-hearted, benevolent, and pleasing men I have ever known. It is high treason among the Tories to express regard for him, or respect for the Jury Court in which he presides. I was against

that experiment as much as any one. But it is an experiment, and the establishment (which the fools will not perceive) is the only thing which I see likely to give some prospects of ambition to our bar, which has been otherwise so much diminished. As for the Chief Commissioner, I dare say he jobs, as all other people of consequence do, in elections, and so forth. But he is the personal friend of the King, and the decided enemy of whatever strikes at the constitutional rights of the Monarch. Besides, I love him for the various changes which he has endured through life, and which have been so great as to make him entitled to be regarded in one point of view as the most fortunate—in the other, the most unfortunate—man in the world. He has gained and lost two fortunes by the same good luck, and the same rash confidence, which raised, and now threatens, my *peculum*. And his quiet, honourable, and generous submission under circumstances more painful than mine—for the loss of world's wealth was to him aggravated by the death of his youngest and darling son in the West Indies—furnished me at the time and now with a noble example. So the Tories and Whigs may go be d——d together, as names that have disturbed old Scotland, and torn asunder the most kindly feelings since the first days they were invented. Yes, — them, they are spells to rouse all our angry passions, and I dare say, notwithstanding the opinion of my private and calm moments, I will open on the cry again so soon as something occurs to chafe my mood, and yet, God knows, I would fight in honourable contest with word or blow for my political opinions, but I cannot permit that strife to “mix its waters with my daily meal,” those waters of bitterness which poison all mutual love and confidence betwixt the well-disposed on either side, and prevent them, if need were, from making mutual concessions and balancing the constitution against the ultras of both parties. The good man seems something broken by these afflictions.

January 21st Susannah in *Tristram Shandy* thinks death is best met in bed. I am sure trouble and vexation are not. The watches of the night pass wearily when disturbed by fruitless regrets and disagreeable anticipations. But let it pass.

“Well, Goodman Time, or blunt, or keen,
Move thou quick, or take thy leisure,
Longest day will have its c'en,
Weariest life but treads a measure ”

I have seen Cadell, who is very much downcast for the risk of their copyrights being thrown away by a hasty sale. I suggested that if they went very cheap, some means might be fallen on to

keep up their value or purchase them in. I fear the split betwixt Constable and Cadell will render impossible what might otherwise be hopeful enough. It is the Italian race-horses, I think, which, instead of riders, have spurs tied to their sides, so as to prick them into a constant gallop. Cadell tells me their gross profit was sometimes £10,000 a year, but much swallowed up with expenses, and his partner's draughts, which came to £4,000 yearly. What there is to show for this, God knows. Constable's apparent expenses were very much within bounds.

Colin Mackenzie entered, and with his usual kindness engages to use his influence to recommend some moderate proceeding to Constable's creditors, such as may permit him to go on and turn that species of property to account, which no man alive can manage so well as he.

Followed Mr. Gibson with a most melancholy tale. Things are so much worse with Constable than I apprehended that I shall neither save Abbotsford nor anything else. Naked we entered the world, and naked we leave it—blessed be the name of the Lord!

January 22nd. I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted—sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck, i.e. if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then *Woodstock* and *Bony* may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad.

“And lay my bones far from the *Tweed*”

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor *distract*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer, the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.

Poor Mr. Pole the harper sent to offer me £500 or £600, probably his all. There is much good in the world, after all.

But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it—else will I be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance.

I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting L. S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching, which would have once been inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some perhaps lament my misfortunes. But my dear mother, my almost sister, Cristy Rutherford, poor Will Erskine—these would have been mourners indeed.

Well—exertion—exertion O Invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! May God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he too would be too diffident to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public. I have a funeral-letter to the burial of the Chevalier Yelin, a foreigner of learning and talent, who has died at the Royal Hotel. He wished to be introduced to me, and was to have read a paper before the Royal Society when this introduction was to have taken place. I was not at the Society that evening, and the poor gentleman was taken ill at the meeting and unable to proceed. He went to his bed and never rose again; and now his funeral will be the first public place I shall appear at. He dead, and I ruined; this is what you call a meeting.

January 23rd Slept ill, not having been abroad these eight days—*splendida bilis*. Then a dead sleep in the morning, and, when the awakening comes, a strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. This passes away, however, as better and more dutiful thoughts arise in my mind. I know not if my imagination has flagged; probably it has; but at least my powers of labour have not diminished during the last melancholy week. On Monday and Tuesday my exertions were suspended. Since Wednesday inclusive I have written thirty-eight of my close manuscript pages, of which seventy make a volume of the usual Novel size.

Wrote till twelve A.M., finishing half of what I call a good day's work—ten pages of print, or rather twelve. Then walked in Princes Street pleasure-grounds with good Samaritan James Skene, the only one among my numerous friends who can properly be termed *amicus curarum mearum*, others being too busy or too gay, and several being estranged by habit.

The walks have been conducted on the whole with much taste,

though Skene has undergone much criticism, the usual reward of public exertions, on account of his plans. It is singular to walk close beneath the grim old Castle, and to think what scenes it must have seen, and how many generations of three score and ten have risen and passed away. It is a place to cure one of too much sensation over earthly subjects of mutation. My wife and girl's tongues are chatting in a lively manner in the drawing-room. It does me good to hear them.

January 24th Constable came yesterday, and saw me for half an hour. He seemed irritable, but kept his temper under command. Was a little shocked when I intimated that I was disposed to regard the present works in progress as my own. I think I saw two things (1) That he is desirous to return into the management of his own affairs without Cadell, if he can. (2) That he relies on my connection as the way of helping us out of the slough. Indeed he said he was ruined utterly without my countenance. I certainly will befriend him if I can, but Constable without Cadell is like getting the clock without the pendulum—the one having the ingenuity, the other the caution of the business. I will see my way before making any bargain, and I will help them, I am sure, if I can, without endangering my last cast for freedom. Worked out my task yesterday. My kind friend Mrs. Coutts has got the cadetship for Pringle Shortreed, in which he was peculiarly interested.

I went to the Court¹ for the first time to-day, and, like the man with the large nose, thought everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Many were, undoubtedly, and all rather regrettingly, some obviously affected. It is singular to see the difference of men's manner whilst they strive to be kind or civil in their way of addressing me. Some smile as they wish me good-day, as if to say, "Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts." Others greeted me with the affected gravity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The best bred—all, I believe, meaning equally well—just shook hands and went on. A foolish puff in the papers, calling on men and gods to assist a popular author, who, having choused the public of many thousands, had not the sense to keep wealth when he had it. If I am hard pressed, and measures used against me, I must use all means of legal defence, and subscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequestration. It is the course I would have advised a client to take, and would have the effect of saving my land, which is secured by my son's contract of marriage. I might save my library, etc., by assistance of friends,

He was Clerk to the Court of Session.

and bid my creditors defiance But for this I would, in a court of honour, deserve to lose my spurs. No, if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to allow myself to be called the Insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the [power] of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me

Went to the funeral of Chevalier Yelin, the literary foreigner mentioned on 22nd How many and how various are the ways of affliction! Here is this poor man dying at a distance from home, his proud heart broken, his wife and family anxiously expecting letters, and doomed only to learn they have lost a husband and father for ever. He lies buried on Calton Hill, near learned and scientific dust—the graves of David Hume and John Playfair being side by side

January 25th. Anne is ill this morning. May God help us! If it should prove serious, as I have known it in such cases, where am I to find courage or comfort? A thought has struck me—Can we do nothing for creditors with the goblin drama, called *Fortunes of Devorgoil*? Could it not be added to *Woodstock* as a fourth volume? Terry refused a gift of it, but he was quite and entirely wrong, it is not good, but it may be made so. Poor Will Erskine liked it much. Gave my wife her £12 allowance £24 to last till Wednesday fortnight.

January 26th Spoke to J B last night about *Devorgoil*, who does not seem to relish the proposal, alleging the comparative failure of *Halidon Hill* Ay, says Self-Conceit, but he has not read it, and when he does, it is the sort of wild fanciful work betwixt heaven and earth, which men of solid parts do not estimate. Pepys thought Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* the most silly play he had ever seen, and Pepys was probably judging on the same grounds with J B, though presumptuous enough to form conclusions against a very different work from any of mine. How if I send it to Lockhart by and by?

I called to-day at Constable's, both partners seemed secure that Hurst and Robinson were to go on and pay. Strange that they should have stopped. Constable very anxious to have husbanding of the books. I told him the truth that I would be glad to have his assistance, and that he should have the benefit of the agency, but that he was not to consider past transactions as a rule or settling those in future, since I must needs make the most out of the labours I could. *item*, that I, or whoever might act for me, would of course, after what has happened, look

especially to the security. He said if Hurst and Robinson were to go on, bank notes would be laid down. I conceive indeed that they would take *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* almost at loss rather than break the connection in the public eye. Sir William Arbuthnot and Mr Kinnear were very kind. But *cui, bono?*

Gibson comes with a joyful face announcing all the creditors had unanimously agreed to a private trust. This is handsome and confidential, and must warm my best efforts to get them out of the scrape. I will not doubt—to doubt is to lose. Sir William Forbes took the chair, and behaved as he has ever done, with the generosity of ancient faith and early friendship. They are deeper concerned than most. In what scenes have Sir William and I not borne share together—desperate, and almost bloody affrays, rivalries, deep drinking-matches, and, finally, with the kindest feelings on both sides, somewhat separated by his retiring much within the bosom of his family, and I moving little beyond mine. It is fated our planets should cross though, and that at the periods most interesting for me. Down—down—a hundred thoughts.

Jane Russell drank tea with me.

I hope to sleep better to-night. If I do not I shall get ill, and then I cannot keep my engagements. Is it not odd? I can command my eyes to be awake when toil and weariness sit on my eyelids, but to draw the curtain of oblivion is beyond my power. I remember some of the wild Buccaneers, in their impiety, succeeded pretty well by shutting hatches and burning brimstone and assafoetida in making a tolerable imitation of *hell*—but the pirates' *heaven* was a wretched affair. It is one of the worst things about this system of ours, that it is a hundred times more easy to inflict pain than to create pleasure.

January 27th Slept better and less bilious, owing doubtless to the fatigue of the preceding night, and the more comfortable news. I drew my salaries of various kinds amounting to £300 and upwards and sent, with John Gibson's consent, £200 to pay off things at Abbotsford which must be paid. Wrote Lairlaw with the money, directing him to make all preparations for reduction. Anne ill of rheumatism: I believe caught cold by vexation and exposing herself to bad weather.

The Celtic Society present me with the most splendid broadsword I ever saw, a beautiful piece of art, and a most notable weapon. Honourable Mr Stuart (second son of the Earl of Moray), General Graham Stirling, and MacDougal, attended as a committee to present it. This was very kind of my friends the Celts, with whom I have had so many merry meetings. It

will be a rare legacy to Walter—for myself, good lack! it is like Lady Dowager Don's prize in a lottery of hardware; she—a venerable lady who always wore a haunch-hoop, silk negligé, and triple ruffles at the elbow—having the luck to gain a pair of silver spurs and a whip to correspond.

January 28th. Ballantyne and Cadell wish that Mr. Alex. Cowan should be Constable's Trustee instead of J. B.'s. Gibson is determined to hold by Cowan. I will not interfere, although I think Cowan's services might do us more good as Constable's Trustee than as our own, but I will not begin with thwarting the managers of my affairs, or even exerting strong influence, it is not fair. These last four or five days I have wrought little; to-day I set on the steam and ply my paddles.

January 29th. The proofs of vol. 1 came so thick in yesterday that much was not done. But I began to be hard at work to-day, and must not gurnalise much.

Mr. Jollie, who is to be my trustee, in conjunction with Gibson, came to see me—a pleasant and good-humoured man, and has high reputation as a man of business. I told him, and I will keep my word, that he would at least have no trouble by my interfering and thwarting their management, which is the not unfrequent case of trustees and trustees.

Constable's business seems unintelligible. No man thought the house worth less than £150,000. Constable told me when he was making his will that he was worth £80,000. Great profits on almost all the adventures. No bad speculations—yet neither stock nor debt to show: Constable might have eaten up his share; but Cadell was very frugal. No doubt trading almost entirely on accommodation is dreadfully expensive.

January 30th. False delicacy. Mr. Gibson, Mr. Cowan, Mr. J. B., were with me last night to talk over important matters, and suggest an individual for a certain highly confidential situation. I was led to mention a person of whom I knew nothing but that he was an honest and intelligent man. All seemed to acquiesce, and agreed to move the thing to the party concerned this morning, and so Mr. G. and Mr. C. left me, when J. B. let out that it was their unanimous opinion that we should be in great trouble were the individual appointed, from faults of temper, etc., which would make it difficult to get on with him. With a hearty curse I hurried J. B. to let them know that I had no partiality for the man whatever, and only named him because he had been proposed for a similar situation elsewhere. This is provoking enough, that they would let me embarrass my affairs with a bad man (an unfit one, I mean) rather

than contradict me. I dare say great men are often used so.

I laboured freely yesterday. The stream rose fast—if clearly, is another question; but there is bulk for it, at least—about thirty printed pages

“And now again, boys, to the oar ”

January 31st. There being nothing in the roll to-day, I stay at home from the Court, and add another day's perfect labour to *Woodstock*, which is worth five days of snatched intervals, when the current of thought and invention is broken in upon, and the mind shaken and diverted from its purpose by a succession of petty interruptions. I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole, I am as if I had shaken off from my shoulders a great mass of garments, rich, indeed, but cumbrous, and always more a burden than a comfort. I am free of an hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the great waste of time connected with it. I have known, in my day, all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. I sleep and eat, and work as I was wont; and if I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, Time must salve that sore, and to Time I trust it.

Since the 14th of this month no guest has broken bread in my house save G. H. Gordon one morning at breakfast. This happened never before since I had a house of my own. But I have played Abou Hassan long enough; and if the Caliph came I would turn him back again.

Abbotsford, 1826, April 1st. Ex uno die disce omnes. Rose at seven or sooner, studied, and wrote till breakfast with Anne, about a quarter before ten. Lady Scott seldom able to rise till twelve or one. Then I write or study again till one. At that hour to-day I drove to Huntly Burn, and walked home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted—now chatting with Tom Purdie, who carries my plaid, and speaks when he pleases, telling long stories of hits and misses in shooting twenty years back—and sometimes attending to the humours of two curious little terriers of the Dandie Dinmont breed, together with a noble wolf-hound puppy which Glengarry has given me to replace Maida. This

brings me down to the very moment I do tell—the rest is prophetic. I will feel sleepy when this book is locked, and perhaps sleep until Dalglish brings the dinner summons. Then I will have a chat with Lady S. and Anne; some broth or soup, a slice of plain meat—and man's chief business, in Dr. Johnson's estimation, is briefly despatched. Half an hour with my family, and half an hour's coquetting with a cigar, a tumbler of weak whusky and water, and a novel perhaps, lead on to tea, which sometimes consumes another half-hour of chat, then write and read in my own room till ten o'clock at night, a little bread and then a glass of porter, and to bed.

And thus, very rarely varied by a visit from some one, is the tenor of my daily life—and a very pleasant one indeed, were it not for apprehensions about Lady S. and poor Johnnie Hugh. The former will, I think, do well—for the latter—I fear—I fear—

April 2nd I am in a wayward mood this morning. I received yesterday the last proof-sheets of *Woodstock*, and I ought to correct them. Now this *ought* sounds as like as possible to *must*, and *must* I cannot abide. I would go to Prester John's country of free good-will, sooner than I would *must* it to Edinburgh. Yet this is all folly, and silly folly too, and so *must* shall be for once obeyed after I have thus written myself out of my aversion to its peremptory sound. Corrected the said proofs till twelve o'clock—when I think I will treat resolution, not to a dram, as the drunken fellow said after he had passed the dram-shop, but to a walk, the rather that my eyesight is somewhat uncertain and wavering. I think it must be from the stomach. The whole page waltzes before my eyes. J B writes gloomily about *Woodstock*, but commends the conclusion. I think he is right. Besides, my manner is nearly caught, and, like Captain Bobadil, I have taught nearly a hundred gentlemen to fence very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself. I will strike out something new.

April 3rd I have from Ballantyne and Gibson the extraordinary and gratifying news that *Woodstock* is sold for £8,228 in all, ready money—a matchless sum for less than three months' work. If *Napoleon* does as well, or near it, it will put the trust affairs in high flourish. Four or five years of leisure and industry would, with [such] success, amply replace my losses, and put me on a steadier footing than ever. I have a curious fancy: I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing whether I will succeed in clearing my way or not. I have a little toothache keeps me from working to-day,

besides I sent off, per Blucher, copy for *Napoleon*, as well as the d——d proofs

A blank forenoon! But how could I help it, Madam Duty? I was not lazy; on my soul I was not. I did not cry for half holiday for the sale of *Woodstock*. But in came Colonel Ferguson with Miss Stewart of Blackhill, or hall, or something, and I must show her the garden, pictures, etc. This lasts till one; and just as they are at their lunch, and about to go off, guard is relieved by the Laird and Lady Harden, and Miss Eliza Scott—and my dear Chief, whom I love very much, though a little obsidional or so, remains till three. That same crown, composed of the grass which grew on the walls of besieged places, should be offered to visitors who stay above an hour in any eminent person's house. Wrote letters this evening.

April 4th. Wrote two pages in the morning. Then went to Ashestiel in the sociable, with Colonel Ferguson. Found my cousin Russell settled kindly to his gardening and his projects. He seems to have brought home with him the enviable talent of being interested and happy in his own place. Ashestiel looks wist, I think, at this period of the year; but is a beautiful place in summer, where I passed nine happy years. Did I ever pass unhappy years anywhere? None that I remember, save those at the High School, which I thoroughly detested on account of the confinement. I disliked serving in my father's office, too, from the same hatred to restraint. In other respects, I have had unhappy days—unhappy weeks—even, on one or two occasions, unhappy months, but Fortune's finger has never been able to play a dirge on me for a quarter of a year together.

I am sorry to see the Peel-wood, and other natural coppice, decaying about Ashestiel,

"The horrid plough has razed the green,
Where once my children play'd,
The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,
The Schoolboy's summer shade."

There was a very romantic pasturage called the Cow-park which I was particularly attached to, from its wild and sequestered character. Having been part of an old wood which had been cut down, it was full of copse—hazel, and oak, and all sorts of young trees, irregularly scattered over fine pasturage, and affording a hundred intricacies so delicious to the eye and the imagination. But some misjudging friend had cut down and cleared away without mercy, and divided the varied and sylvan scene, which was divided by a little rivulet, into the two most formal things in nature—a thriving plantation, many-angled as usual, and a park;

laid down in grass, wanting therefore the rich graminivorous variety which Nature gives its carpet, and having instead a braid of six days' growth—lean and hungry growth too—of ryegrass and clover. As for the rill, it stagnates in a deep square ditch, which silences its prattle, and restrains its meanders with a witness. The original scene was, of course, imprinted still deeper on Russell's mind than mine, and I was glad to see he was intensely sorry for the change.

April 5th. Rose late in the morning, past eight, to give the cold and toothache time to make themselves scarce, which they have obligingly done. Yesterday every tooth on the right side of my head was absolutely waltzing. I would have drawn by the half-dozen, but country dentists are not to be lipped to. To-day all is quiet, but a little swelling and stiffness in the jaw. Went to Chiefswood at one, and marked with regret forty trees indispensably necessary for paling—much like drawing a tooth; they *are* wanted and will never be better, but I am avaricious of grown trees, having so few.

Worked a fair task; dined, and read Clapperton's journey and Denham's into Bornou. Very entertaining, and less botheration about mineralogy, botany, and so forth, than usual. Pity Africa picks up so many brave men, however. Work in the evening.

April 6th Wrote in the morning. Went at one to Huntly Burn, where I had the great pleasure to hear, through a letter from Sir Adam, that Sophia was in health, and Johnnie gaining strength. It is a fine exchange from deep and aching uncertainty on so interesting a subject, to the little spitfire feeling of "Well, but they might have taken the trouble to write", but so wretched a correspondent as myself has not much to say, so I will just grumble sufficiently to maintain the patriarchal dignity.

I returned in time to work, and to receive a shoal of things from J. B. Among others, a letter from an Irish lady, who, for the *beaux yeux*, which I shall never look upon, desires I will forthwith send her all the Waverley Novels, which are published, with an order to furnish her with all others in course as they appear, which she assures me will be an *era* in her life. She may find out some other epochs.

April 7th. Made out my morning's task; at one drove to Chiefswood, and walked home by the Rhymer's Glen, Mar's Lee and Haxell-Sleugh. Took me three hours. The heath gets somewhat heavier for me every year—but never mind, I like it altogether as well as the day I could tread it best. My plantations are getting all into green leaf, especially the larches, if theirs may be called leaves, which are only a sort of hair, and from the number of

birds drawn to these wastes, I may congratulate myself on having literally made the desert to sing. As I returned, there was, in the phraseology of that most precise of prigs in a white collarless coat and *chapeau bas*, Mister Commissary Ramsay—"a rather dense inspissation of rain." Deal care

"Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
That might enjoy such quiet walks as these?"

Yet misfortune comes our way too. Poor Laidlaw lost a fine prattling child of five years old yesterday.

It is odd enough—Iden, the Kentish Esquire, has just made the ejaculation which I adopted in the last page, when he kills Cade, and posts away up to Court to get the price set upon his head. Here is a letter come from Lockhart, full of Court news, and all sort of news—best is his wife is well, and thinks the child gains in health.

Lockhart erroneously supposes that I think of applying to Ministers about Charles, and that notwithstanding Croker's terms of pacification I should find *Malachi* stick in my way. I would not make such an application for millions; I think if I were to ask patronage it would [not] be through them, for some time at least, and I might have better access.

April 8th. We expect a *raid* of folks to visit us this morning, whom we must have *dined* before our misfortunes. Save time, wine, and money, these misfortunes—and so far are convenient things. Besides, there is a dignity about them when they come only like the gout in its mildest shape, to authorise diet and retirement, the night-gown and the velvet shoe, when the one comes to chalkstones, and the other to prison, though, there would be the devil. Or compare the effects of *Sieur Gout* and absolute poverty upon the stomach—the necessity of a bottle of laudanum in the one case, the want of a morsel of meat in the other.

Laidlaw's infant, which died on Wednesday, is buried to-day. The people coming to visit prevent my going, and I am glad of it. I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce full of most tragical mirth, and I am sorry (like Provost Coulter) but glad that shall not see my own. This is a most unfilial tendency of mine, for my father absolutely loved a funeral; and as he was a man of a fine presence, and looked the mourner well,

he was asked to every interment of distinction. He seemed to preserve the list of a whole bead-roll of cousins, merely for the pleasure of being at their funerals, which he was often asked to superintend, and I suspect had sometimes to pay for. He carried me with him as often as he could to these mortuary ceremonies, but feeling I was not, like him, either useful or ornamental, I escaped as often as I could.

I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance Ah, that Distance! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdness, softening every coarseness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination A Scottish wedding should be seen at a distance, the gay band of the dancers just distinguished amid the elderly group of the spectators—the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowed, should be only a sketch, not a finished Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish Scotch psalmody, too, should be heard from a distance. The grunt and the snuffle, and the whine and the scream, should be all blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the Eolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of our Maker. Even so the distant funeral the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapped around them—the father heading the procession as they enter the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling is to be carried on the last long road—not one of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tones of the incident—seeming just accessories, and no more—this is affecting.

April 9th. I worked at correcting proofs in the morning, and, what is harder, at correcting manuscript, which fags me excessively. I was dead sick of it by two o'clock, the rather as my hand, O revered "Gurnal," be it said between ourselves, gets daily worse.

Lockhart's Review Don't like his article on Sheridan's life There is no breadth in it, no general views, the whole flung away in smart but party criticism. Now, no man can take more general and liberal views of literature than J. G. L. But he lets himself too easily into that advocatism of style, which is that of a pleader, not a judge or a critic, and is particularly unsatisfactory to the reader Lieut.-Col. Ferguson dined here.

April 10th Sent off proofs and copy galore before breakfast, and might be able to give idleness a day if I liked. But it is as well reading for *Boney* as for anything else, and I have a humour to make my amusement useful. Then the day is changeable, with gusts of wind, and I believe a start to the garden will be my best

out-of-doors exercise. No thorough hull-expedition in this gusty weather.

April 11th. Wrought out my task, although I have been much affected this morning by the Morbus, as I call it. Aching pain in the back, rendering one posture intolerable, fluttering of the heart, idle fears, gloomy thoughts and anxieties, which if not unfounded are at least bootless. I have been out once or twice, but am driven in by the rain. Mercy on us, what poor devils we are! I shook this affection off, however. Mr. Scrope and Col. Ferguson came to dinner, and we twaddled away the evening well enough.

April 12th. I have finished my task this morning at half-past eleven—easily and early—and I think, not amiss. I hope J. B. will make some great points of admiration!!!—otherwise I will be disappointed. If this work answers—if it *but* answers, it must set us on our legs; I am sure worse trumpery of mine has had a great run. Well, I will console myself and do my best! But fashion changes, and I am getting old, and may become unpopular, but it is time to cry out when I am hurt. I remember with what great difficulty I was brought to think myself something better than common—and now I will not in mere faintness of heart give up good hopes. So Fortune protect the bold. I have finished the whole introductory sketch of the Revolution—too long for an introduction. But I think I may now go to my solitary walk.

April 13th. On my return from my walk yesterday I learnt with great concern the death of my old friend, Sir Alexander Don. He cannot have been above six- or seven-and-forty. Without being much together, we had, considering our different habits, lived in much friendship, and I sincerely regret his death. His habits were those of a gay man, much connected with the turf; but he possessed strong natural parts, and in particular few men could speak better in public when he chose. He had tact, wit, power of sarcasm, and that indescribable something which marks the gentleman. His manners in society were extremely pleasing, and as he had a taste for literature and the fine arts, there were few more pleasant companions, besides being a highly-spirited, steady and honourable man. His indolence prevented his turning these good parts towards acquiring the distinction he might have attained. He was among the *détenus* whom Bonaparte's iniquitous commands confined so long in France; and coming there into possession of a large estate in right of his mother, the heiress of the Glencairn family, ~~he had the means of being very expensive, and probably then~~

acquired those gay habits which rendered him averse to serious business. Being our member for Roxburghshire, his death will make a stir amongst us. I prophesy Harden will be here to talk about starting his son Henry.

Accordingly the Laird and Lady called. I exhorted him to write to Lord Montagu instantly. I do not see what they can do better, and unless some pickthank intervene to insinuate certain irritating suspicions, I suppose Lord M. will make no objection. There can be no objection to Henry Scott for birth, fortune, or political principle; and I do not see where we could get a better representative.

April 14th Wrote to Lord M. last night. I hope they will keep the peace in the county. I am sure it would be to me a most distressing thing if Buccleuch and Harden were to pull different ways, being so intimate with both families.

I did not write much yesterday, not above two pages and a half. I have begun *Boney*, though, and *c'est toujours quelque chose*. This morning I sent off proofs and manuscript. Had a letter from the famous Denis Davidoff, the Black Captain, whose abilities as a partisan were so much distinguished during the retreat from Moscow. If I can but wheedle him out of a few anecdotes, it would be a great haul.

A kind letter from Colin Mackenzie, he thinks the Ministry will not push the measure against Scotland. I fear they will; there is usually an obstinacy in weakness. But I will think no more about it. Time draws on. I have been here a month. Another month carries me to be a hermit in the city instead of the country. I could scarce think I had been here a week. I wish I was able, even at great loss, to retire from Edinburgh entirely. Here is no bile, no visits, no routine, and yet, on the whole, things are as well perhaps as they are.

April 15th Received last night letters from Sir John Scott Douglas, and from that damtiest of Dandies, Sir William Elliot of Stobs, canvassing for the county. Young Harry's the lad for me. But will he be the lad for Lord Montagu?—there is the point. I should have given him a hint to attend to Edgerston. Perhaps being at Minto, and not there, may give offence, and a bad report from that quarter would play the devil. It is rather too late to go down and tell them this, and, to say truth, I don't like the air of making myself busy in the matter.

Poor Sir Alexander Don died of a disease in the heart; the body was opened, which was very right. Odd enough, too, to have a man, probably a friend two days before, slashing at one's heart as it were a bullock's. I had a letter yesterday from John

Gibson. The House of Longman and Co. guarantee the sale [of *Woodstock*] to Hurst, and take the work, if Hurst and Robinson (as is to be feared) can make no play.

Also I made up what was due of my task both for 13th and 14th. So hey for a Swiftianism—

“I loll in my chair,
And around me I stare
With a critical air,
Like a calf at a fair,
And, say I, Mrs Duty,
Good-morrow to your beauty,
I kiss your sweet shoe-tie,
And hope I can suit ye”

Fair words butter no parsnips, says Duty; don't keep talking, then, but get to your work again Here is a day's task before you—the siege of Toulon Call you that a task? d—— me, I'll write it as fast as *Boney* carried it on

April 16th. I am now far ahead with *Nap.* I wrote a little this morning, but this forenoon I must write letters, a task in which I am far behind.

“Heaven sure sent letters for some wretch's plague”

Lady Scott seems to make no way, yet can scarce be said to lose any. She suffers much occasionally, especially during the night. Sleeps a great deal when at ease; all symptoms announce water upon the chest. A sad prospect.

In the evening a despatch from Lord Melville, written with all the familiarity of former times, desiring me to ride down and press Mr. Scott of Harden to let Henry stand, and this in Lord Montagu's name as well as his own, so that the two propositions cross each other on the road, and Henry is as much desired by the Buccleuch interest as he desires their support.

London, 1828, April 18th Breakfasted with Joanna Bailhe, and found that gifted person extremely well, and in the display of all her native knowledge of character and benevolence. She looks more aged, however. I would give as much to have a capital picture of her as for any portrait in the world. She gave me a manuscript play to read upon Witchcraft. Dined with the Dean of Chester, Dr. Phillpotts.

“Where all above us was a solemn row
Of priest and deacons, so were all below.”

There were the amiable Bishop of London (Howley), Coplestone, whom I remember a first man at Oxford, now Bishop of Llandaff; the Dean of St. Paul's, and other dignitaries of whom I knew

less. It was a very pleasant day—the wigs against the wits for a guinea in point of conversation. Anne looked queer, and much disposed to laugh at finding herself placed betwixt two prelates [in black petticoats]

April 19th. Breakfasted with Sir George Philips. Had his receipt against the blossoms being injured by frost. It consists in watering them plentifully before sunrise. This is like the mode of thawing beef. We had a pleasant morning, much the better that Morritt was with us. He has agreed to go to Hampton Court with us to-morrow.

Mr. Reynolds called on me about the drawing of the Laird's Jock; he is assiduous and attentive, but a little forward. Poor Gillies also called. Both asked me to dinner, but I refused. I do not incline to make what is called literary acquaintances; and as for poor G, it is wild to talk about his giving dinner to others, when he can hardly get credit for his own

Dined with Sir Robert Henry Inglis, and met Sir Thomas Acland, my old and kind friend. I was happy to see him. He may be considered now as the head of the religious party in the House of Commons, a powerful body which Wilberforce long commanded. It is a difficult situation, for the adaptation of religious motives to earthly policy is apt—among the infinite delusions of the human heart—to be a snare. But I could confide much in Sir T. Acland's honour and integrity. Bishop Blomfield [of Chester], one of the most learned prelates of the church, also dined.

Coming home, an Irish coachman drove us into a *cul de sac*, near Battersea Bridge. We were obliged to get out in the rain. The people admitted us into their houses, where they were having their bit of supper, assisted with lights, etc., and, to the honour of London, neither asked nor expected gratification

April 20th We went to Walter's quarters in a body, and saw Hampton Court, with which I was more struck than when I saw it for the first time, about 1806. The pictures are not very excellent, but they are curious, which is as interesting, except to connoisseurs. Two I particularly remarked, of James I and Charles I eating in public. The old part of the palace, built by Wolsey, is extremely fine. Two handsome halls are still preserved: one, the ceiling of which is garnished, at the crossing and combining of the arches, with the recurring heads of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn—great stinginess in Henry, for these ornaments must have been put up after Wolsey's fall. He could surely afford a diversity of this species of ornament if any man could. Formerly, when the palace was complete, a

fishing-house extended into, or rather over, the river. We had a good dinner from Walter, and wended merrily home.

April 21st Dining is the principal act of the day in London. We took ours at Kensington with Croker. There were Theodore Hook and other witty men. He looks unhealthy and bloated. There was something, I know not what, wanting to the cheerfulness of the party. And

"Silence like a heavy cloud,
O'er all the warriors hung"

If the general report of Croker's retiring be accurate, it may account for this.

April 22nd Sophia left this to take down poor Johnnie to Brighton. I fear—I fear—but we must hope the best. Anne went with her sister.

Lockhart and I dined with Sotheby, where we met a large dining party, the orator of which was that extraordinary man Coleridge. After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian Mysteries, which he considered as affording the germ of all tales about fairies past, present, and to come. He then diverged to Homer, whose *Iliad* he considered as a collection of poems by different authors, at different times during a century. There was, he said, the individuality of an age, but not of a country. Morritt, a zealous worshipper of the old bard, was incensed at a system which would turn him into a polytheist, gave battle with keenness, and was joined by Sotheby, our host. Mr. Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. "Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words." Morritt's impatience must have cost him an extra sixpence worth of snuff.

We went to Lady Davy's in the evening, when there was a fashionable party.

April 23rd. Dined at Lady Davy's with Lord and Lady Lansdowne, and several other fashionable folks. My keys were sent to Bramah's with my desk, so I have not had the means of putting matters down regularly for several days; but who cares for the whipp'd cream of London society? Our poor little Johnnie is extremely ill. My fears have been uniform for this engaging child. We are in God's hands. But the comfortable and happy object of my journey is ended—Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia, was right after all.

April 24th. Spent the day in rectifying a road bill which drove a turnpike road through all the Darnickers' cottages, and a

good field of my own. I got it put to rights. I was in some apprehension of being obliged to address the Committee. I did not fear them, for I suppose they are no wiser or better in their capacity of legislators than I find them every day at dinner. But I feared for my reputation. They would have expected something better than the occasion demanded, or the individual could produce, and there would have been a failure.

April 25th. Threatened to be carried down to vote at the election of a Collector of the Cess. Resolved if I did go to carry my son with me, which would give me a double vote. Had some disagreeable correspondence about this with Lord Minto and the Sheriff.

We had one or two persons at home in great wretchedness to dinner. Lockhart's looks showed the misery he felt. I was not able to make any fight, and the evening went off as heavily as any I ever spent in the course of my life.

Finished my Turnpike business by getting the exceptionable clauses omitted, which would be good news to Darnick. Put all the *Mirror* in proof and corrected it. This is the contribution (part of it) to Mr. Reynolds' and Heath's *Keepsake*. We dined at Richardson's with the two chief Barons of England and Scotland. Odd enough, the one being a Scotsman and the other an Englishman. Far the pleasantest day we have had; I suppose I am partial, but I think the lawyers beat the bishops, and the bishops beat the wits.

April 26th. This morning I went to meet a remarkable man, Mr. Boyd of the house of Boyd, Benfield & Co., which broke for a very large sum at the beginning of the war. Benfield went to the devil, I believe. Boyd, a man of a very different stamp, went over to Paris to look after some large claims which his house had over the French Government. They were such as it seems they could not disavow, however they might be disposed to do so. But they used every effort, by foul means and fair, to induce Mr. Boyd to depart. He was reduced to poverty; he was thrown into prison, and the most flattering prospects were, on the other hand, held out to him if he would compromise his claims. His answer was uniform. It was the property, he said, of his creditors, and he would die ere he resigned it. His distresses were so great that a subscription was made among his Scottish friends, to which I was a contributor, through the request of poor Will Erskine. After the peace of Paris the money was restored, and, faithful to the last, Boyd laid the whole at his creditors' disposal; stating, at the same time, that he was penniless unless they consented to allow him a moderate sum

in name of percentage, in consideration of twenty years of danger, poverty, and [exile], all of which evils he might have escaped by 'surrendering their right to the money. Will it be believed that a muck-worm was base enough to refuse his consent to this deduction, alleging he had promised to his father, on his death-bed, never to compromise this debt? The wretch, however, was overpowered by the execrations of all around him, and concurred, with others, in setting apart for Mr. Boyd a sum of £40,000 or £50,000 out of half a million of money. This is a man to whom statues should be erected, and pilgrims should go to see him. He is good-looking, but old and infirm. Bright dark eyes and eyebrows contrast with his snowy hair, and all his features mark vigour of principle and resolution. Mr. Morritt dined with us, and we did, as well as in the circumstances could be expected.

Released from the alarm of being summoned down to the election by a civil letter from Lord Minto, I am glad both of the relief and of the manner. I hate civil war amongst neighbours.

April 27th. Breakfasted this day with Charles Dumergue on a *poulet à la tartare*, and saw all his family, specially my godson. Called on Lady Stafford and others, and dined at Croker's in the Admiralty, with the Duke of Wellington, Huskisson, Wilmot Horton, and others, outs and ins. No politics of course, and every man disguising serious thoughts with a light brow. The Duke alone seemed open, though not letting out a word. He is one of the few whose lips are worth watching. I heard him say to-day that the best troops would run now and then. He thought nothing of men running, he said, providing they came back again. In war he had always his reserves. Poor Terry was here when I returned. He seems to see his matters in a delusive light.

April 28th. An attack this day or yesterday from poor Gillies, boring me hard to apply to Menzies of Pitfoddels to entreat him to lend him money. I could not get him to understand that I was decidedly averse to write to another gentleman, with whom I was hardly acquainted, to do that which I would not do myself. Tom Campbell is in miserable distress—his son insane—his wife on the point of becoming so. *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.*

We, i.e. Charles and I, dined at Sir Francis Freeling's with Colonel Harrison of the Board of Green Cloth, Dr. [Maltby] of Lincoln's Inn, and other pleasant people. Doctor Dibdin too, and Utterson, all old Roxburghe men. Pleasant party, were it not for a bad cold, which makes me bark like a dog.

April 29th. Anne and Lockhart are off with the children this morning at seven, and Charles and I left behind; and this is the promised meeting of my household! I went to Dr. Gilly's to-day to breakfast. Met Sir Thomas Acland, who is the youngest man of his age I ever saw. I was so much annoyed with cough, that, on returning, I took to my bed and had a siesta, to my considerable refreshment. Dr. Fergusson called, and advised caution in eating and drinking, which I will attend to.

Dined accordingly. Duke of Sussex had a cold and did not come. A Mr or Dr. Pettigrew made me speeches on his account, and invited me to see his Royal Highness's library, which I am told is a fine one. Sir Peter Laurie, late Sheriff, and in nomination to be Lord Mayor, beset me close, and asked more questions than would have been thought warrantable at the west end of the town.

April 30th We had Mr. Adolphus and his father, the celebrated lawyer, to breakfast, and I was greatly delighted with the information of the latter. A barrister of extended practice, if he has any talents at all, is the best companion in the world.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON

1786-1846

HAYDON was the son of a Plymouth bookseller. Determined to become a great painter, at the age of eighteen he came to London and for a few years attended the Royal Academy schools. His ambition and self-confidence were unbounded, but his powers were unequal to the tasks he set them. He sent his second picture to the Academy Exhibition in 1809. It was badly hung and consequently there ensued a feud with the Academicians which embittered his relations with his fellow artists and engendered in his mind the life-long delusion that he was a martyr. He married and had many children, but, in spite of occasional gleams of success, his life was one long struggle with poverty. For forty years he fought his harassed way, begging and borrowing wherever he might, sustained by a religious faith which was very genuine, though of a curiously primitive type. He was an indefatigable diarist. In his voluminous pages he laid bare his own character, his pertinacity, his inordinate vanity, his sensitiveness, as vividly as his self portrait in the National Portrait Gallery sets forth his features. We see all his highly-strung emotional temperament enjoying moments of exaltation when he felt himself divinely inspired, entrusted with the responsibility of founding a new school of painting in England, and sinking again into the slough of profound depression as his pecuniary embarrassments and professional disappointments grew upon him. We see also many of the most notable men of his time in the artistic, literary and political world, sketched with truth and insight, and hear the echoes of many violent controversies in which he took an eager part. For Haydon wielded a skilful pen and

he loved a fight His was a storm-tossed passage through life In the end his mind gave way and he died by his own hand

1826, *June 11th* Obligated to raise money on my property of all descriptions Lord Egremont must not be spoken to, but I wish he knew it. I am sure he would wish I should work with an easy mind; at least, patience

June 12th Worked lazily—saw nothing distinctly. The model was exhausted, and I was dull, and so, after five hours' twaddling, I gave up.

June 13th. Got Alexander¹ and horse together well. He must look a youth, or the gist of the thing is lost. At present he is like a long-forked lifeguardsman. How soon one could finish a picture if one dashed at it like Rubens, careless of character. Finished Pepys' *Memoirs*, a Dutch picture of the times, deeply interesting. O God, grant me no longer life but while I can read and paint.

June 18th. Hard at work to little effect Got in Alexander's head, when a sudden effect on the model's head made me alter my original intention, and now it turns out it is not the thing. This has not happened to me for years. Always attend to the first ideas; I never altered but to repent In Lazarus and Pharaoh I never altered, and succeeded in every head One head indeed I altered (as I did this), and was obliged to revert to my original idea. In Lazarus, the father looking up I put in first against the sky. Everybody gives it against the alteration—low and high—and they are right I fear.

June 20th. Pumiced out my yesterday's head, and I hope succeeded in my new one God be praised with all my soul!

June 21st. At the horse's head;—doubtful success,—at it again to-morrow.

June 22nd The head this morning looked well. So true is that which Wilkie has often said to me, "Never rub out in the evening of the day you have worked hard, if your labour should appear a failure." Your nature, strained from over-excitement, is apt to be either disconcerted at your imagination being so much more noble than your attempts, or your digestion being deranged by long thinking affects the brain, and fills it with gloomy apprehensions. I was exhausted last night: this morning got up refreshed and everything looked smiling.

June 23rd. Obligated to pawn my other lay-figure, the female, for £5; cost me £30; obliged. Borrowed a horse's head to paint the teeth and gums from, and had not 8s. to pay the man. However, I am not now as during Solomon. I am high in the world,

¹ His picture of Alexander the Great.

in a good house, have my food, a dear wife, a sweet family and good credit; but it is hard to part with materials like these. My studies (Elgin ones), my books (most of them), and now my lay-figures, are all pawned. I looked at Vasari, at Lanzi, at Homer, at Tasso, at Shakespeare, but my heart was firm. The very back of a book containing the works of a celebrated genius is enough, if you know the contents well, to fill the mind with crowds of associations. I kept them. I may do without a lay-figure for a time, but not without old Homer—that great, native, true, immortal, illustrious, incarnate spirit. Hail to thee, blind and begging as thou wert! The truth is, I am fonder of books than of anything else on earth. I consider myself, and ever shall, a man of great powers, excited to an art which limits their exercise. In politics, law or literature they would have had full and glorious swing, and I should have secured a competence. It is a curious-proof of this that I have pawned my studies, my prints, my lay-figures, but have kept my darling authors.

June 27th. My exhibiting with the Academicians has given great satisfaction to everybody, and they seem to regard me now without that gloomy dislike they used to do. I heartily wish they may become as they seem—cordial—and that in the end all animosities may be forgotten in our common desire to advance the art. This is my desire, God knows: whether it be theirs time only will show.

1831, *October 16th* Called on dear Sir Walter¹ yesterday, and was affected at the alteration in him. Though he was much heartier than I expected to find him, his mind seemed shaken. He said he feared he had occasionally done too much at a time, as we all do. We talked of politics, of course. Though grateful to the King, he was “too old a dog,” he said, “to forget George IV.” His son was on duty at Sheffield. I lamented that a poor fellow perfectly innocent had been shot on duty. “Ah,” said Sir Walter, “soldiers should be careful how they fire, because bullets are gentlemen not much given to reflection.” Here was a touch of the old humour. We chatted about Shree having the presidency. “An accomplished gentleman,” said Sir Walter, “whom naeboddy ever haired on,” affecting more Scotch accent than he has. This was d——d fine.

We then talked of the late King. Sir Walter said he never saw anybody so pleased with a picture as he was with the Mock Election. After a quarter of an hour I took my leave, and as I arose he got up, took his stick, with that side-long look of his,

¹ Sir Walter Scott, about to sail for Italy.

and then burst forth that beautiful smile of heart and feeling, geniality of soul, manly courage and tenderness of men, which neither painter nor sculptor has ever touched. It was the smile of a superior creature who would have gathered humanity under the shelter of its wings, and while he was amused at its follies would have saved it from sorrow and sheltered it from pain. Perhaps it may be the last time I am ever to see him, as he sails in a day or two; and if it be, I shall rejoice that this was the last impression

November 18th This day my dear little child Fanny died, at half-past one in the forenoon, aged two years, nine months, and twelve days. The life of this child has been one continued torture. she was weaned at three months from her mother's weakness and attempted to be brought up by hand. This failed, and she was reduced to a perfect skeleton; one day when I was kissing her she sucked my cheek violently. I said, "This child wants the bosom even now." Our medical friend said it was an experiment, but we might try it. I got a wet nurse instantly, and she seized the bosom like a tigress, in a few months she recovered, but the woman who came to suckle her weaned her own child.

I called on the nurse before she came, and found a fine baby, her husband and herself in great poverty. I said, "What do you do with this child?" She replied, "Wean it, sir. We must do so. we are poor." I went away. "Is this just," thought I, "to risk the life of another child to save my own?" I went home tortured about what I should do, but a desire to save my own predominated.

The nurse came, Fanny was saved, but the fine baby of the poor nurse paid the penalty. I was never easy. "Fanny never can, and never will prosper," thought I. What right had I to take advantage of the poverty of this poor woman to save my own child, when I found out she had an infant of her own? When the nurse's time was up. Fanny withered, the bosom was again offered, and refused. From that moment she daily sank in spite of all medical advice, and to-day, after two convulsive fits, expired without a gasp.

RICHARD HURRELL FROUDE 1803-1836

FROUDE, son of a Devonshire clergyman, was born in 1803, educated at Eton and Oxford, became Fellow of his college, Oriel, in 1826 and took orders the following year. Never strong, he died after more than four years' illness in 1836. Though his diary may seem to us morbid and may suggest a mind too much interested in itself, yet it

is manifestly a record of high ideals and of unusually strenuous efforts to attain them. He was no prig. His friends spoke of him in terms of affectionate admiration, and confessed the remarkable part which his influence played in shaping the Oxford movement for reform in the Church.

1826, *July 1st* I have got into a bad way, by writing down the number of hours. It makes me look at my watch constantly, to see how near the time is up, and gives me a sort of lassitude, and unwillingness to exert my mind.

I think it will be a better way to keep a journal for a bit, as I find I want keeping in order about more things than reading. I am in a most conceited way, besides being very ill-tempered and irritable. My thoughts wander very much at my prayers, and I feel hungry for some ideal thing, of which I have no definite idea. I sometimes fancy that the odd bothering feeling which gets possession of me is affectation, and that I appropriate it because I think it a sign of genius, but it lasts too long, and is too disagreeable, to be unreal. There is another thing which I must put down, if I don't get rid of it before long. It is a thing which proves to me the imbecility of my own mind more than anything, and I can hardly confess it to myself, but it is too true.

November 6th Instead of attending to the confession in morning chapel, I was thinking whether any one had observed that I never missed this term. I ought to get up Lloyd's lecture better. My feelings condemn my negligence, as I am conscious I should feel silly at exposing it. It seems to me a great help towards making myself indifferent to present things, to conjure up past events, and distant places and people before me—things that happened at Eton, or Ottery, or in the very early times of childhood.

I felt again to-day as if I had been getting enthusiastic, and that the secret world of new pleasures and wishes, to which I am trying to gain admittance, is a mere fancy. I must be careful to check high feelings, they are certain to become offences in a day or two, and must regulate my practice by faith, and a steady imitation of great examples. In hopes that by degrees, what I now have only faint and occasional glimpses of, may be the settled objects on which my imagination reposes, and that I may be literally hid in the presence of the Lord.

November 7th. I have not had many temptations to-day. I was rather braced this morning by reading about the Martyrs in Eusebius, and sat in the cold very well, and have been indisposed since. Have found out how much I owe—for the sofa, which I have been so shabby about: "the wicked borroweth and payeth

not again." Have not got up Lloyd's lecture properly, but can hardly tell how without Slade, which would be a waste of money.

November 8th. Carelessly broke one of W.'s windows; my first impulse was to sneak off, etc.

November 9th. I allowed myself to be disgusted with ——'s pomposity; also smiled at an allusion in the Lessons to abstemiousness in eating. I hope not from pride or vanity, but mistrust; it certainly was unintentional. (I have set myself a rule not to assign reasons for my conduct except to those who have a right to ask.)

Had a walk with N. Insensibly got talking in a way to let him infer I was trying to alter myself. Also allowed myself to argue. Was puzzled as usual, and have been uncomfortable and abstracted ever since. Once doubted whether I had not been wrong, which made me ridiculously uneasy.

Felt once as if I would have accepted ——'s invitation on Friday, if I had expected a party to my taste; and believe my motive was not sound at the bottom, as I am afraid is the case with all my motives. I read and go to chapel, because they are helps to get through the day. I use self-denial because I believe it the way to make the most out of our pleasures; and, besides, it has a tendency to give me what is essential to taking my place in society—self-command. Besides which, if my feelings are in any respect right, if I have any real wish to conform my will to that of the Lord, and really to correct my motives and feelings, it is because having tried every other way, which I fancied might lead to happiness, I have either been thwarted in my endeavours or disappointed in success. I am driven to the attempt after piety as a last resource; I seek to be hidden, and in the Lord's presence, not upon choice, but because I have nowhere else to hide myself. I give up nothing, and ask for everything. Can such an offering as mine have anything acceptable in it? Can actions, originating in such a temper, have any tendency to make me better, or to procure the blessing and grace of God? And yet, now I am proud of this that I have written, and think that the knowledge it shows of myself implies a greatness of mine, and I sometimes compare myself to Solomon in the beginning of Ecclesiastes.

Was disgustingly ostentatious at dinner in asking for a china plate¹ directly, as I had finished my meat. I did it on purpose too, that the others might see I ate so much less than they did. Read affectedly in evening chapel. I look forward to to-morrow with apprehension, and expect uncommon tedium before the

¹ In college, meat was served on pewter.

night. I hope I shall be able to abstain altogether, and that the Lord will so purify my motives that I may benefit from this my spiritual sustenance. The affair of the argument proves to me that I am very proud. If God has not given me such high talents as I suppose, what harm can it be to me to find it out? If being in the wrong really diminished my understanding, there might be more ground for being uncomfortable. But it is not argument that must get the better of this folly. I have allowed myself to be provoked and bothered at the ——'s having cut up my evening, and not having been sufficiently respectful. How can I expect my trespasses to be forgiven?

November 10th Fell quite short of my wishes with respect to the rigour of to-day's fast, though I am quite willing to believe not unpardonably. I tasted nothing till after half-past eight in the evening, and before that had undergone more uncomfortable-ness, both of body and mind, than any fast has as yet occasioned me, having, I hope, laid a sort of foundation, on which I may gradually build up the fit spending of a fast in calling my sins to remembrance. But I made rather a more hearty tea than usual in W's rooms, and by this weakness have occasioned another slip. For having been treated, as I think, without sufficient respect by the youngest—I allowed myself to be vexed, and to think of how I ought to have set him down all the rest of the evening, instead of receiving it with thankfulness from God as an instrument of humility. Also I will record another error, common indeed with me, and which for that reason I have hitherto overlooked, i.e. speaking severely of another without a cause. I said I thought —— an ass, when there was not the least occasion for me to express my sentiments about him. And yet I, so severe on the follies, and so bitter against the slightest injuries I get from others, am now presenting myself before my great Father to ask for mercy on my most foul sins, and forgiveness for the most incessant injuries. "How shall I be delivered from the body of this death!"

November 11th. I have become comfortable again, and cannot help thinking that it is owing, in a great measure, to my having seen that it was not from a deliberate intention to slight me, that young —— was pert, and from my interest in the argument with N having died away. How feeble my mind has become, from my having left it so long uncontrolled. I am conscious that I have merited no respect from my past conduct, and always measure the slights offered me by what I know I deserve, and what I should be forced to put up with: and when external trifles make me uncomfortable, then I think it is repentance. Yet I cannot

but think that the consciousness of my great sinfulness had much to do with my wretchedness yesterday: and that our minds are so contrived that this misery must have something external to fasten on, so that it may not be weighing us down continually. This is the first day I have not been to chapel in Oriel, but I was obliged to stay away, out of civility to —. I went to Magdalen instead, and though I could not do all the forms, without obtruding myself on notice, yet it seems to me to have been a very impressive service, partly from the difficulty of reading; a subject connected with which I have been making a speculation, which I don't recollect having dated. I have again been talking freely of people, partly out of habit, and partly to have something to say to —. Laughed at —, when uncalled for. Have not been the least abstemious in any of my meals.

November 12th. Felt great reluctance to sleep on the floor last night, and was nearly arguing myself out of it; was not up till half-past six. — was sitting under me in chapel, and I was actually prevented from giving my mind to a great deal of the early part of the service, by the thought crossing me at each response, that he must be thinking I was become a Don, and was affecting religious out of complaisance.

Felt ashamed that my trowseis were dirty whilst I was sitting next —, but resolved not to hide them. This sort of shame about what we ourselves esteem matter of indifference, because they do not seem so to other people brings home to our minds what depravity it proves in us to pay so little attention to what we know is serious. I cannot look on this Sunday with any pleasure. I have been inattentive again at evening chapel, and have made the day too much a holiday in the ordinary sense.

LORD SHAFTESBURY

1801-1885

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was a remarkable man, a great Christian and a great philanthropist. Early in life he dedicated himself to the cause of the poor, and when he died it was quite truly said of him by a fellow peer, "The social reforms of the last century have not been mainly due to the liberal party they have been due to the influence, character and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury." The conditions of work in mines and factories, the system of child labour, the lot of the chimney-sweeps, the squalor and ignorance which abounded in every big city, were but a few of the many blots on the social life of his time which he toiled to alter and improve. He became almost fanatical in his passion for the alleviation of suffering and the abolition of injustice. All his life

he kept a diary for, as he said, three reasons first, as an aid to memory, second, because he thought it might afford him amusing reading in his old age, and third, as a discipline towards overcoming a persistent dislike of using his pen. His entries were no mere jottings, but full and often detailed accounts of the business in which he was engaged, careful records of his own aims and motives, frank statements of the religious principles by which he was guided and the faith by which he was sustained. He was not without his prejudices. There was a great solemnity about him. We have to take his biographer on trust when he tells us that he enjoyed a joke.

1827, *April 17th* I care for Peel and Wellington: were they again in the Cabinet I should be satisfied. What will become of the army? But what of the navy, with that Bedlamite Duke of Clarence at the head, and Canning to dispose of Church Preferment! We shall see. I have decided in my own heart that no one should be Prime Minister of this great country unless deeply imbued with religion; a spirit which will reflect and weigh all propositions, examine each duty, and decide upon the highest; be content to do good in secret, and hold display as a bauble compared with the true interests of God and the kingdom; have energy to withstand political jobbing, and refuse what is holy as a sacrifice to faction. He must calculate advantages to arise in a century, and not shows to glitter at the moment, he must appoint that which is best, and not that which is most capable of appearing so. He must leaven every deed with the feeling of religion. All things must be done to edifying, and if he do not call in Scripture and holy aid to assist him in the discharge of each office, be it important or be it trifling, he must do it in that frame of mind and heart which is caused by long and genuine delight in the lessons derived from the truths of wisdom and Christianity. Now Canning will do none of this, and, therefore, I dread his elevation. The Catholic affair is secondary; we might live under that.

Saw Jephson, doctor, of Leamington. He assured me he had never met a person with a more deranged system. Knew by my symptoms that my brain must be sadly loaded; enough to bring on any excess of bad spirits. I have suffered dreadfully for many years with headaches, low spirits, and most wearisome sensations, attended by great weakness of limbs. Perhaps I shall improve henceforward.

April 18th Increasing in anger about the conduct of Canning's Party towards Duke of Wellington. Entertained yesterday strong opinion that I ought not to give up public business, or rather the endeavour to qualify myself for it. The State may want me, wretched as I am.

1839, *August 9th.* Left London by the 2 o'clock train for Birmingham. Found Roebuck in the carriage, he was civil and by no means disagreeable.

August 10th. Saw the Bull Ring, famous for mobs and conflagrations. These towns always affect me—the mass of human-kind, whom nothing restrains but force or habit, uninfluenced, because unreached, by any moral or religious discipline, presents a standing miracle. We imagine a force and trust to a habit? it is neither one nor the other. *Sceptra tenens molliorque animos et temperat iras. Ni faciat!* . . .

Spanked along the road to Liverpool. It is quite a just remark that the Devil, if he travelled, would go by the train. . . . Surveyed the town, admired its buildings, commended its broad streets, and wondered at its wealth. Ships, colonies, and commerce, with a vengeance, and yet (I thank God for it) there seem to be more churches here than in any town I have seen. . . . Thousands of the dirtiest, worst-clad children I ever saw, throng the streets, presenting a strange inconsistency with the signs of luxury all around. You marvel whence they come, till you get a peep into the side-alleys. We perceive at once the Irish parentage of these cheerful, but unclean beings. But Liverpool is a town of good repute; though “her merchants are princes, and her traffickers the honourable of the earth,” they serve God with a portion of their wealth, and raise temples to His name and worship.

September 23rd. Glasgow. To the Blind School. This is, indeed, a thing to gladden man's heart when he observes the power and mercy of God, compensating for the privation of one sense by the supernatural vivacity of another. It is beautiful and consolatory to behold the peace of mind that these poor creatures enjoy, through the instrumentality, under Providence, of these inventions; they are now become capable of every mental and spiritual gratification; many can exercise various trades and callings, and, instead of being a clog, prove an assistance to their families. I could hardly refrain from tears when I saw their easy and happy acquaintance with the art of reading Scripture, and heard the pleasure they took in the pursuit. Blindness is, next to insanity, the heaviest of God's visitations; bears with it something of mystery inasmuch as God has ever reserved to Himself personally, as it were, the power of restoring the eyesight. No mere man has been permitted to wield this power.

September 24th. . . . Joined Alison at the Registration Court, and walked with him through the “dreadful” parts of this amaz-

ing city, it is a small square plot intersected by small alleys, like gutters, crammed with houses, dunghills, and human beings, hence arise, he tells me, nine-tenths of the disease, and nine-tenths of the crime in Glasgow, and well it may. Health would be impossible in such a climate; the air tainted by perpetual exhalation from the most sinking and stagnant sources, a pavement never dry, in lanes not broad enough to admit a wheelbarrow. And is moral propriety and moral cleanliness, so to speak, more probable? Quite the reverse. Discontent, malignity, filthy and vicious habits, beastly thoughts and beastly actions must be, and are, the results of such associations. Oh! for a temporary but sharp despotism, which, founding its exercise on an imitation of God, would pass beneficial laws, and compel men against their wills to do wisely! There should be a law prohibiting the construction of streets, except of a fixed, and that a very considerable, width. In large open spaces there is more health, more air, more cleanliness, more observation, and public opinion comes in along with light. Though you could not thus exterminate what is bad, you would externally abate it, and, as Burke says, "Vice itself would lose half its evil, by losing all its grossness." These are the last abodes of many of the factory population; broken in health and spirits, corrupted in mind, and ignorant alike of what is useful and true, be it in temporal or eternal things, they pass, after the days of their fitness for mill-labour, from one point of degradation to another, till they sink down, as to a common centie, in this dark pit of misery. The high-mettled racer is a type of them, as in his life, so also in his death. "Who knoweth," said Solomon, "the spirit of a man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" But do these differ from the beast? I trow not.

1840, *July 4th* Anxious, very anxious, about my sweeps; the Conservative (!) Peers threaten a fierce opposition, and the Radical Ministers warmly support the Bill. Normanby has been manly, open, kind-hearted, and firm. As I said to him in a letter, so say I now, "God help him with the Bill, and *God bless him for it!*" I shall have no ease or pleasure in the recess, should these poor children be despised by the Lords, and tossed to the mercy of their savage purchasers. I find that Evangelical religionists are not those on whom I can rely. The Factory Question, and every question for what is called "humanity," receive as much support from the "men of the world" as from the men who say they will have nothing to do with it!

I do not wonder at the Duke of Wellington, I have never

expected from him anything of the "soft and tender" kind—let people say what they will, *he is a hard man*. Steven tells me he left the Oxford Petition at Apsley House, thinking that the Duke, as Chancellor, would present it; he received this answer, "Mr. Steven has *thought fit* to leave some petitions at Apsley House; *they will be found with the porter*."

July 21st. Much anxiety, hard labour, many hopes, and many fears, all rendered useless by "counting out the House." The object of years within my grasp, and put aside in a moment. A notice to investigate the condition of all the wretched and helpless children in pin works, needle works, collieries, etc. The necessary and beneficial consequence of the Factory Question! God knows I had felt for it, and prayed for it; but the day arrived, everything seemed adverse, a morning sitting, a late period of the Session, and a wet afternoon, and, true enough, at five o'clock there were but thirty-seven members, and these mostly Radicals or Whigs. Shall I have another opportunity? The inquiry, without a statement in Parliament, will be but half the battle, nay, not so much—I must have public knowledge and public opinion working with it. Well, it is God's cause, and I commit it altogether to Him. I am, however, sadly disappointed, but how weak and short-sighted is man! This temporary failure may be the harbinger of success.

August 24th. Succeeded in both my suits. I undertook them in a spirit of justice. I constituted myself, no doubt, a defender of the poor, to see that the poor and miserable had their rights, but "I looked, and there was none to help. I wondered that there, was none to uphold, therefore God's arm, it brought salvation to me, and His fury, it upheld me." I stood to lose several hundred pounds, but I have not lost a farthing, I have advanced the cause, done individual justice, anticipated many calamities by this forced prevention, and soothed, I hope, many angry, discontented Chartist spirits by showing them that men of rank and property can, and do, care for the rights and feelings of all their brethren. Let no one ever despair of a good cause for want of coadjutors; let him persevere, persevere, persevere, and God will raise him up friends and assistants! I have had, and still have, Jowett and Low; they are matchless.

September 16th. I hear encouraging things, both of my speech in the House of Commons, and of my suit *v.* Stocks. The justice of the suit is so manifest that even (so to speak) "my enemies are at peace with me." What man ever lost in the long-run by seeking God's honour?

September 19th. Steven wrote to me yesterday; and gave me

information that he had at last succeeded in negotiating the delivery of the wretched sweep behind my house in London I had begun to negotiate, but the master stood out for more money than was fair, and we determined to seek the unnatural father of the boy, and tempt him, by the offer of a gratuitous education. We have done so, and have prospered; and the child will this day be conveyed from his soothole to the Union School on Norwood Hill, where, under God's blessing and especial, merciful grace, he will be trained in the knowledge, and love, and faith of our common Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ. I entertain hopes of the boy, he is described as gentle, and of a sweet disposition, we all know he has suffered, and were eager to rescue him from his temporal and spiritual tyrant. May God, in His unbounded goodness and mercy, accept and defend the child, and train him up to His honour and service, now and for ever, through the mediation and love of our dear and blessed Lord!

1841, *January 7th*. Under indisposition only does one rightly estimate God's bounties, how assuaging, how necessary are the many comforts and attentions, which, particularly in winter, the poor cannot get! Here have I been dreadfully vexed by a cold in the throat, 'accompanied by a cough, hard as timber and dry as gravel, which gives me no rest day or night! Now if I, with all the appliances that money and kindness can give, suffer so much, what must be the endurance of the destitute?

February 10th We have now sat for some days in Committee to consider the Report we shall make on the Act for regulating Mills and Factories. My success has hitherto been greater than I dared to hope for. I have the Government with me, and the mill-owners against me, this is a curious revolution of parties. The children in silk and lace mills are included in the draft report. I shall be compelled to strike them out and fight their battles another way. The mill-owners cannot beat me either in the Committee or the House; they know it, and they have made, therefore, like the thieves in Proverbs, "one purse," and intend to raise opposition in the House of Lords, where, alas! it is but too easy to maintain the *status quo*, whatever be its offences against truth, justice, and humanity. The benefits of the Second Chamber overbalance the evils, and I must bepraise the hand that destroys my hopes. The very qualities that make the Peers bulwarks against mischief render them also slow to impressions of good. They have hard common sense; strong feelings of personal and political interest, but few sparks of generosity, and no sentiment. Well, it is here that the tyrants of silk and lace

propose to obtain a Committee, and thus throw off all legislation to another year; and this they will compass, unless I can prevail on Fox Maule to divide the Bill into two; the Factory Bill for the four great departments of industry will thus go forward with all its great and important details, it will establish a precedent, elevate a model, and present a contrast. Perseverance and zeal will, by God's blessing, bring up all the rest to follow in their train. But I must have more patience and more faith.

February 13th Ministers threaten a dissolution, which would undoubtedly be followed by a change of Government. I don't much think they will accomplish their threats, I hope not, at least just yet, for I desire, above all things, to carry my Factory Bill, and sure I am ("tell it not in Gath") that I have got more, and may get more, from the Whigs than I shall ever get from my own friends

February 18th. Concluded our Report to-day on Mills and Factories, and presented it to the House. To God above be all the glory! Great and signal has been the support I have received under great difficulties, may He continue it in the final difficulties of its passage through Parliament. Considering the nature of the Committee, its objects and members, we have been wonderfully harmonious.

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1842, *February 24th.* All Peel's affinities are towards wealth and capital. His heart is manifestly towards the mill-owners; his lips occasionally for the operatives. *What* has he ever done or proposed for the working classes? His speech of last night was a signal instance of his tendencies. He suppressed all the delinquencies of the manufacturers, bepraised machinery, and treated the distress as severe but temporary. Now, he might have said that no small portion of the suffering was caused by the forced immigration of families in 1836, reducing the already low wages, and aggravating the misery, in the stagnation which followed. He might have said, too, that, while we cannot interdict machinery, we ought not to be blind to its effects: it may cheapen goods for the consumer, but it pauperises irrevocably thousands of workpeople, who can never resume their position, whatever be the activity of the trade. In short, his speech was a transcript of his mind cotton is everything, man nothing!

February 25th. Time creeps on, years fly past, and the city of oppression and vice has not capitulated; the factory system stands erect; millions of infants are consumed in other departments, and, in the course of nature, it seems probable that before long I shall be removed to another scene of action—

to the House of Lords. If I regard this event as a man only, I must see in it utter annihilation of all my schemes for the benefit of the working classes, and a total retirement from public life, because in that House, except for one who holds high official station, there is little or no power of originating anything which may conduce to the welfare of the poorer sort. The Peers act as breakwaters, and think as such; this is their office, and they never rise above it. The House of Commons is the depository of Power; any favour acquired there is more effective than ten times the amount in the House of Lords, they are won, besides, by different qualities, and the station occupied by different men. I should be quite overwhelmed by such peers as Salisbury, Redesdale, and Wharnccliffe. Character of *all kinds* is FAR LESS required or appreciated among the Peers. Lord Lyndhuist, both in Opposition and in Government, exercised an influence, and commanded an attention, which would be utterly denied to him in the House of Commons.

March 3rd. Matters do not brighten I see hardly a speck of day. There may be a ray of light to break forth in God's mercy, but it is not yet above the horizon. It is manifest that this Government is ten times more hostile to my views than the last, and they carry it out in a manner far more severe and embarrassing I find that the inspectors are terrified by Sir J. Graham. Horns and Saunders are now warmly with me, but they do not dare to say so. Now I fear delay; the Minister knows my position, and can defy me, because he has both power and speciousness on his side. Matters may be postponed to a late period of the Session, when I shall be more than usually helpless through the absence of many supporters. I am particularly dejected. I feel an unusual conviction of incompetency, every one seems more equal to the task, be it what it may, than myself. I am become quite timid. I have undertaken things that are too hard for me, and yet I have asked—at least I thought so—counsel of God in everything; but man oftentimes asks amiss. . . . I might have suspected what I now know, that I have raised up a host of enemies by my letter to Roundell Palmer. A body of them in the House have determined "to crush me," and they are resolved to do so through the Factory Question, for which purpose two went down in January last to the manufacturing districts. They cannot make any personal charge, but they may deeply and seriously wound me by depriving me, even for a year, of my hard-earned fruit. They may, and will, give me pain, but they cannot tarnish me.

March 5th. Fresh labour added to old sinews. I am like a

factory spinner—more toil and less wages. The Committee of Elections has now put me on the Chairman's panel (and I cannot decline it, for such is the law), and the panel have put me in their own chair. This is burdensome, because I am already over-occupied.

March 11th. Peel has been eminently successful in his plans, his Corn Bill has been sharply debated, but, on the whole, favourably received. His new taxes and new tariffs (to-night) almost gave satisfaction, a thing unheard of in the history of the Exchequer! To be sure, he had an astounding case of necessity, but that plea, even, has oftentimes failed. His success puzzles me; I cannot regard him in any light but as a mere seeker of human praise; his moral phraseology seems the result of calculation. His speech this evening was a *chef-d'œuvre* of self-confidence. This is unquestionably the next best thing to a vigorous faith, it leads to victory. I begin to fear that I have as little of one as of the other. I am quite down again, easily raised, easily depressed. I catch at a straw, and writhe under disappointment. The fact is, I am almost tired. I have laboured now for nearly ten years, and the haven recedes as I approach. . . . Not a cheer is given to Peel in the House of Commons that does not retard my success, multiply my toil, and add to my anxiety. This is a jovial prospect!

March 18th. Spoke again last night on the Lunacy Bill. I seemed to myself to do it without force or point, and with difficulty, half left unsaid and the other half said ill. This is humbling and despairing, because I plough not in hope. How can I look to success in the great measures I propose, if I am so weak in the smaller? The House will despise schemes so brought forward. Am I working *in* the truth and *for* the truth? This doubt often arises now, and yet, what is my guide if I am not?

March 29th. If things are not put down as they arise, they are either lost or are recorded with their point blunted. A reconciliation with Peel. We shook hands, and avoided all explanations. So much the better; an explanation only gets rid, for the moment, of the old quarrel, for the purpose of laying the grounds of a new one. Facts may be set right; but we should have had to deal with opinions and expressions. He was very cordial, and clearly much pleased.

April 9th. This day is, perhaps, the last of leisure I shall have for a long time. Gave it to the reading of the Colliery Report, that I may be thoroughly furnished to the good work. I can never produce, in a speech, one-tenth part of the truth, and yet, unless that be fully told, I shall not accomplish my purpose.

Great labour, great difficulty, first to read, and then to select and arrange the matter. But the Longford Committee will, I fear, occupy an alarming amount of time. "Who is sufficient for these things?"

April 26th. I see the setting of the wind. People are already beginning to say, "You will do nothing this year with your Factory Bill. The Government will have no time," etc., and all these commonplaces. Meanwhile, wrong, oppression, mutilation, death, with all the grim roll of physical and moral evils, are in full liberty.

May 21st. The Government had wellnigh given away Thursday (my day for the Colliery Bill) to C. Buller. It is clear that they desire to get rid of the motion. This day I received a formal proposition from Freemantle to give precedence to the Bridport case. No reason assigned why the Minister demanded precedence; there is quite as good reason why I should precede Buller, as he precede me. I told him that such a request came with a very bad grace from a Government which was hostile, not only to past measures of the kind, but, I really believed, to this one in particular! I, of course, refused, postponement would be total surrender.

May 23rd. Peel, knowing my determination not to give way, advised Wynne this evening (Wynne told me so himself) to take Thursday for a *question of privilege*, thereby destroying me altogether. Never was there such treatment, such abominable trickery.

May 24th. One would have thought that a "paternal" Government would have hastened to originate, certainly to aid, any measures for the removal of this foul and cruel stain! No such thing, no assistance, no sympathy—every obstacle in my way, though I doubt whether they will dare *openly to oppose* me on the Bill itself. Have no time for reflection, no time for an entry. I hear that no such sensation has been caused since the first disclosures of the horrors of the slave trade! God, go before us, as in Thy pillar of a cloud!

May 30th. 26th day fixed; persisted, having received an assurance from Peel and Freemantle that the privilege question would not occupy two hours, Peel having engaged to give me a day if I were disappointed. So it turned out; Wynne was absent, I was called, the first sentence was all but begun, when cries arose that Wynne was coming, I gave way, and this famous "two hours" debate occupied from five till twelve o'clock! Never did I pass such an evening; expecting, for six hours, without food or drink, to be called on at any moment—very

unwell in consequence, and have been, in fact, ever since. Peel then gave me Tuesday (to-morrow), and just now—such is the apparent fate of the question—a horrid attempt to assassinate the Queen has caused an adjournment of the House.

. . . A second attempt to murder our young Queen is really as shocking individually as it is alarming publicly. May God hear the prayer of those who faithfully adore Him, and shield her from every mischief!

May 31st This is the day, but I fear that all will be so engrossed by this terrible affair, that there will be no hearing for us! Wrote to Peel, and offered to release him from his engagement (which he was quite ready to hold to) seeing his great anxiety to finish the Income Tax Bill. He had lost his day by so terrible an event, that it would be kind and becoming on my part to anticipate his wishes and postpone my own. He wrote a grateful acceptance of my offer, and now I stand for Tuesday next, like the god Terminus on the Capitol, resolved not to budge.

June 1st. I am glad I have done so. Peel has carried his Bill, and I am not the worse for the delay—at least, I hope so. I foresee a covert and spiteful opposition; the Great Northern coal-owners have produced a document of defence of themselves, which throws the mantle of their comparative merit over the enormities of the general practice. Here is party! It is a vain, insolent, and feeble paper, quite in the style of the old apologies of the Factory masters. These repeated delays have tried my patience, and stumbled my faith—God forgive me. I shall yet see that the harvest is retarded, not denied.

1848, *April 10th.* The threatened day¹ has arrived. How will it end? Referring to all the circumstances, I think it will close peaceably, but who knows? We are in the hands of God. He has told us, and would that one and all recognised from our hearts, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

April 12th. It ended, how shall we sufficiently praise God, according to our minutest prayers. All was peaceable. The meeting at no time exceeded thirteen thousand. No more actual disturbance than on ordinary days. The procession was abandoned, and the petition came down in a hack cab. Surely the glory must be to Him "who stilleth the raging of the sea, and the madness of the people."

April 13th. Nevertheless, I remain of the same mind. All

¹ Of the great Chartist Demonstration in London.

things are tending to a change. We are entering on a new political dispensation, and many of us probably will outlive the integrity of our aristocratical institutions. Men are talking, they know not why, and they do not reflect *how*, of *this* slight concession and *that*, of an "enlargement of the franchise," and other vagaries. No one, except the Chartists, has asked for it, and they will rest satisfied with nothing short of the whole. The middle classes are content, and so are nineteen-twentieths of the working people; but this will be of no avail against indistinct terrors, ignorant uneasiness, and speculative, not social policy. A Sanitary Bill would, in five years, confer more blessing and obliterate more Chartism than universal suffrage in half a century, but the world, when ill at ease, flies always to politics, and omits the statistics of the chimney-corner, where all a man's comfort or discomfort lies.

1849, *September 7th*. Labour and anxiety at Board of Health very great. We are now in the City of the Plague, and still by God's love under His shield and buckler. He hears our prayers, and defends against the "Pestilence that walketh in darkness." Disorder increasing, close of last week showed a mortality *trebling* the average of London, 1,881 victims of this awful scourge! Yesterday showed, for the metropolis alone, a return of 345 in one day. O God! Thou art terrible and yet just in Thy decrees.

September 9th. London is emptied. Cholera worse than ever; returns of yesterday quite appalling, and yet manifest that we do not receive more than two-thirds of the truth. Have been mercifully preserved through this pestilence. Have not, I thank God, shrunk from one hour of duty in the midst of this City of the Plague, and yet it has not approached either me or my dwelling.

September 17th. *Times* of this morning contains an extract from the *Observer* which is gratifying. The Board of Health may hope little, and perhaps desire little, for the applause of men; but I do much deplore that our anxieties and labours should be thrown away, and we be told that we have done nothing, attempted nothing, imagined nothing, wished nothing. Our diligence and zeal are mentioned in the article; yet it is less than justice. We have indeed toiled unceasingly, and not as mere officials, but with earnestness and feeling. Chadwick and Smith are men who may feel, but who know not fatigue or satiety in business, when necessity urges, or duty calls. As for the staff of the Board, miserably paid as they are, with scanty

hopes of preferment, or even of continued employment, I am unable to speak with adequate praise. They have laboured even to sickness, and when struck down by the disease, have hastened back to their work, not for emolument (for they receive fixed salaries) but for conscience sake. And such are the men whose scanty recompense certain gentry would reduce by 10 per cent. Out upon this disgusting economy!

Yesterday, Sunday The prayer for deliverance from the cholera. A poor substitute for a day of repentance and humiliation; but, thank God, better than nothing. . . . Alas! alas! who can trust our ecclesiastical rulers? Does it not savour of a mockery? Was it so that Moses and Aaron stood "between the living and the dead," when wrath had gone out from the Lord? What gibes, jokes, sneers, and doubts, we shall encounter! What varieties of scoffing and bitterness! a previous occasion for sceptics and worldlings!

September 18th. Tunbridge Wells. Attended Board of Health on my way through to London. Pestilence on the decline. I can be spared from London, and I seek a short repose. But I heartily thank God that I shrank not from the post of toil and danger, but persisted from August 1st to September 11th in the midst of the pestilence, and stirred not till the plague was stayed. The Almighty bore me through and covered me, for Christ's sake, with His shield and buckler.

CHARLES ABBOT, LORD COLCHESTER . 1757-1829

SON of a clergyman, a lawyer by profession, Abbot turned to politics and entered the House of Commons in 1795. He was Speaker of the House from 1802 till 1817. Resigning, he was created Baron Colchester and continued to take the keenest interest in public affairs till his death. His diary, which he kept faithfully for thirty-three years, is a record of daily doings in the political world, full of interest to the student of history. A short extract will illustrate its character.

1807, February 4th. House of Commons. Perceval's motion upon the Order of Council to prevent navigation from port to port of France, and countries under French influence.

February 5th House of Lords read Slave Trade Abolition Bill a second time. Division; 100 to 32.

February 10th. House of Commons. On Mr. Middleton Biddulph's motion a Committee appointed on the same terms as the Finance Committee of 1797, in respect to controls and

checks of expenditure, and reduction of offices Slave Trade Bill from the Lords read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday se'nnight.

February 12th. House of Commons. Lord Castlereagh in a speech of two hours and a half opened his objections and counter resolutions upon Lord Henry Petty's finance plan

February 18th. The Prince of Wales's Commissioners met here A statement signed by Mr. Fordyce and Sir Henry Strachey respecting the mode of reducing the tradesmen's bills, was read and entered upon the minutes of the Commission. We read and agreed to our final report according to the provisions of the Act. and directed it, when signed, to be presented to the Treasury

House of Commons Debate on Solicitor-General's Bill for making real estate's assets to pay simple contract debts

February 20th. House of Commons Mr. Grenville acquainted the House with Sir Henry Popham's arrest and delivered in a copy of the warrant

Heard counsel on the Slave Trade Abolition Bill till half-past twelve Negative the admission of evidence.

February 23rd Adjourned debate on the question for committing the Slave Trade Bill. The principal speakers were, for the Bill, Lord Howick, the Solicitor-General, Lord Mahon, Mr. Roscoe, Lord Milton, Mr. Wilberforce, etc Against it, General Gascoyne, Mr. Hibbert, and also Mr. Bathurst and Mr. Hiley Addington, who however spoke but partially against it, and voted for it Division for the Bill 283, against it, 16.

February 28th Lord Hawkesbury called on the Catholic clauses in the Mutiny Bill, to express his alarms and those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Perceval and Sir William Scott about the apprehended extension of the Irish Law of 1793, by now enabling Catholics to be Generals on the Staff

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

1775-1867

BACHELOR, barrister, friend and associate of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and many another of the brightest spirits of his time, Crabb Robinson kept a diary for fifty-six years It is a record of the people he met, his impressions of them, and the things they said, most valuable to every student of the times He himself was much beloved by all who knew him for his cheery spirits, his tolerance, his unostentatious generosity To be an author, he said, he lacked the necessary talent, but he thought, and rightly, that his daily jottings, besides

being an aid to his own memory, might prove of value to the historians and biographers of future days.

1812, *May 24th*. A very interesting day. At half-past ten joined Wordsworth in Oxford Road; we then got into the fields, and walked to Hampstead. I read to him a number of Blake's poems, with some of which he was pleased. He regarded Blake as having in him the elements of poetry much more than either Byron or Scott. We met Miss Joanna Bailie, and accompanied her home. She is small in figure, and her gait is mean and shuffling, but her manners are those of a well-bred woman. She has none of the unpleasant airs too common to literary ladies. Her conversation is sensible. She possesses apparently considerable information, is prompt without being forward, and has a fixed judgment of her own, without any disposition to force it on others. Wordsworth said of her with warmth, "If I had to present any one to a foreigner as a model of an English gentlewoman, it would be Joanna Bailie."

May 26th. Walked to the Old Bailey to see D. I. Eaton in the pillory. As I expected, his punishment of shame was his glory. The mob was not numerous, but decidedly friendly to him. His having published Paine's *Age of Reason* was not an intelligible offence to them. I heard such exclamations as the following. "Pillory a man for publishing a book—shame!"—"I wish old Sir Wicary was there, my pockets should not be empty!"—"Religious liberty!"—"Liberty of conscience!" Some avowed their willingness to stand in the pillory for a dollar. "This is a punishment? this is no disgrace!" As his position changed, and fresh partisans were blessed by a sight of his round, grinning face, shouts of "bravo!" arose from a new quarter. His trial was sold on the spot. The whole affair was an additional proof of the folly of the Ministers, who ought to have known that such an exhibition would be a triumph to the cause they meant to render infamous.

1824, *January 1st*. I dined with Flaxman¹. An agreeable afternoon. The Franklins² there. His appearance is not that of a man fit for the privations and labours to which his voyage exposed him. He is rather under-set, has a dark complexion and black eyes; a diffident air, with apparently an organic defect of vision; not a bold soldier-like mien. It seemed as if he had not recovered from his hunger.

¹ The sculptor.

² The explorer.

January 10th. Walked out and called on Miss Lamb. I looked over Lamb's library in part. He has the finest collection of shabby books I ever saw; such a number of first-rate works in very bad condition is, I think, nowhere to be found.

January 22nd Rode to London from Bury on the "Telegraph." I was reading all the time it was light Irving's *Argument of Judgment to Come*, which I have since finished. It is a book of great power, but on the whole not calculated to resolve doubts. It is more successful in painting strongly to believers the just inferences from the received doctrine. It is written rather to alarm than persuade; and to some would have the effect of deterring from belief.

How different this from John Woolman's Journal I have been reading at the same time. A perfect gem! His is a *schöne Seele* (beautiful soul). An illiterate tailor, he writes in a style of the most exquisite purity and grace. His moral qualities are transferred to his writings. Had he not been so very humble he would have written a still better book, for, fearing to indulge in vanity, he conceals the events in which he was a great actor. His religion is love. His whole existence and all his passions were love! If one could venture to impute to his creed, and not to his personal character, the delightful frame of mind which he exhibited, one could not hesitate to be a convert. His Christianity is most inviting—it is fascinating.

February 3rd. Made a long-deferred call on Mr. Irving,¹ with whom I was very much pleased. He received me with flattering cordiality, and introduced me to his wife, a plain but very agreeable woman. Irving is learning German, which will be an occasion of acquaintance between us, as I can be of use to him. We had an agreeable chat, his free, bold tone, the recklessness with which he talks, both of men and things, renders his company piquant. He spoke of the Scottish character as to be found only in the peasantry, not in the literati. Jeffrey and the Edinburgh critics do not represent the people; neither, I observed, do Hume, Adam Smith, etc. I adverted to some of the criticisms on his sermons. He seemed well acquainted with them, but not much to regard them. He said that Coleridge had given him a new idea of German metaphysics, which he meant to study.

February 15th. Having resolved to devote my Sundays in future to the perusal of writings of a religious character, I this morning made choice of a volume of Jeremy Taylor as a beginning. I pitched on his "Marriage Ring," a splendid discourse, equally fine as a composition and as evidencing deep thought.

¹ The Rev Edward Irving.

Yet it has passages hardly readable at the present day. It has naive expressions, which raise a smile. In the midst of a long argument to prove that a husband ought not to beat his wife, he asks, "If he cannot endure her talk, how can she endure his beating?"

February 17th. I had a short chat with Benecke, and read him extracts from Jeremy Taylor. Glad to find Benecke a *thinking* Christian. He is, with all his piety and gravity, a believer in universal restoration, or, at least, a disbeliever in eternal punishment. By the by, I met the other day this remark: "It is a greater difficulty how evil should ever come into the world, than that, there being evil already here, it should be continued for ever in the shape of punishment. If it is not inconsistent with the Divine attributes to suffer guilt, is it so that He should ordain punishment?" But I think I have a short and yet satisfactory answer. Evil here, and the evil of punishment, like all other *may be* means to an end, which end *may be* the good of all. But eternal punishment supposes evil to be an *End*.

1831, *October 10th.* For the last three days there has been a succession of agreeable feelings in meeting with my old friends and acquaintance. Indeed these meetings will for some time constitute my chief business. In the evening, I stepped into the Athenæum to inquire the news, there being a general anxiety in consequence of the important occurrence of the night before, or rather of the morning. *The Lords rejected the Reform Bill by a majority of forty-one.* The fact is in every one's mouth, but I have not yet met with any one who ventures to predict what the Ministry will do on the occasion.

I breakfasted with William Pattison, and accompanied him to Westminster Hall. He was engaged in an appeal to the Lords, O'Connell on the other side. I shook hands with O'Connell, and exchanged a few words with him. I was pleased with his speech before the Chancellor. It was an appeal against the Irish Chancellor's setting aside certain documents as obtained by fraud. With great mildness of manner, address, and discretion in his arguments, O'Connell produced a general impression in his favour.

October 12th Finished the evening at the Athenæum and at Aders'. I found Mrs. Aders in some agitation, as one of her friends had been in danger of being seriously hurt on the balcony of her house by a large stone flung by the mob in the afternoon. There had been an immense crowd accompanying the procession

with the addresses to the King on account of the rejection of the Bill by the Lords. At the Athenæum, I chatted with D'Israeli and Ayrton. Ayrton says, on authority, that a compromise has taken place, and that the Bill is to pass the Lords, with only a few modifications to save their character.

1832, *February 12th.* Carlyle breakfasted with me, and I had an interesting morning with him. He is a deep-thinking German scholar, a character, and a singular compound. His voice and manner, and even the style of his conversation, are those of a religious zealot, and he keeps up that character in his declamations against the anti-religious. And yet, if not the god of his idolatry, at least he has a priest and prophet of his church in Goethe, of whose profound wisdom he speaks like an enthusiast. But for him, Carlyle says, he should not now be alive. He owes everything to him! But in strange union with such idolatry is his admiration of Buonaparte. Another object of his eulogy is—Cobbett, whom he praises for his humanity and love of the poor! Singular, and even whimsical, combinations of love and reverence these.

March 3rd. I had received an invitation to dine with Fonblanque, and Romilly being of the party, I agreed to walk with him from University College, where we had been at a meeting of the Council. We were joined by John Mill, certainly a young man of great talent. He is deeply read in French politics, and spoke judiciously enough about them, bating his, to me, unmeaning praise of Robespierre for his incomparable talents as a speaker—being an irresistible orator—and the respect he avowed for the virtues of Mirabeau. Romilly, too, talked interestingly on the same subject. Mirabeau was the friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, as well as of the Genevan Dumont.

March 8th. I walked to Enfield, and found the Lambs in excellent state—not in high health, but, what is far better, quiet and cheerful. Miss Isola being there, I could not sleep in the house; but I had a comfortable bed at the inn, and I had a very pleasant evening at whist. Lamb was very chatty, and altogether as I could wish.

March 24th. Yesterday I had a melancholy letter from Wordsworth. He gives a sad account of his sister, and talks of leaving the country on account of the impending ruin to be apprehended from the Reform Bill!

I dined with Amyot. Ayrton and Ellis (of the Museum) there. An agreeable dinner. In the evening, John Collier joining us, we all drove to Kensington Palace, where the Duke of Sussex gave his second conversazione this season, and where I was

more amused than I expected. There were opened some eight or ten rooms, generally small, and all filled with books. No gilding or other finery of a Court, but the air of a gentleman's house—unostentatious, comfortable, and elegant. There were probably several hundred persons there. The only man I looked for was Schlegel, with whom I had a short chat. He spoke with love of Goethe, and with esteem of Flaxman, but not of his lectures, and regretted that they should have been accompanied by such bad stone drawings. I had a talk with the Bishop of Chichester (Maltby). He spoke of Phillpotts' late speech on the Irish Education question as a very able one. I saw also Rammohun Roy and Talleyrand—the other stars—and Sir Robert Peel, and many eminent men of science, noblemen, and Members of Parliament. We came away between eleven and twelve.

April 2nd. I read a canto of Dante early. My nephew called, and brought the news of Goethe's death. Though at his age the event could not be far off, the departure of the mightiest spirit that has lived for many centuries awakens most serious thought. I had lying by me three letters for Weimar and Jena, and resolved not to alter them, but put them in the post to-day. They were addressed to Madam Goethe, Voigt, and Knebel.

April 12th. Saw Coleridge in bed. He looked beautifully—his eye remarkably brilliant—and he talked as eloquently as ever. His declamation was against the Bill. He took strong ground, resting on the deplorable state to which a country is reduced when a measure of vital importance is acceded to merely from the danger of resistance to the popular opinion.

April 14th. Quayle, the nephew, Mr Gunn, who came unexpectedly, and W. Pattison, breakfasted with me. We had heard the news. The Reform Bill carried by nine—seven were votes by proxy; therefore of these only two a real majority. But even of the majority, many must be of the class who avow themselves enemies to the Bill, and declare they mean to vote against many of its chief provisions. And yet the *Morning Chronicle* calls this a triumph! This is being grateful for small favours.

May 4th. I continued at home till it was time to go to the King's College, where Lyell delivered his introductory lecture on Geology, of which I understood scarcely anything—but I liked what I did understand. Before he himself made the observation, he had led me to the conclusion that the science teaches no *beginning*. There is, as far as anything can be inferred, a constant succession of operations by fire and water. He took care to limit this remark to inorganic matter, asserting that there

are proofs of a beginning of organic substances. He decorously and boldly maintained the propriety of pursuing the study without any reference to the Scriptures, and dexterously obviated the objection to the doctrine of the eternity of the world being hostile to the idea of a God, by remarking that the idea of a world which carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction is not that of the work of an all-wise and powerful Being. And geology suggests as little the idea of an end as of a beginning to the world.

May 13th Paynter breakfasted with me. He was scarcely gone before Landor called. He arrived from Florence yesterday. A long and interesting chat on English politics. He had nothing to communicate on foreign matters. When he left me, I went to the Athenæum. It seemed the universal opinion—and yet I cannot believe it—that the Duke will, as Prime Minister, continue the very measure which he protested against in such strong terms but a few days ago. This I am unwilling to credit. The Ministry are not yet declared, and the King has postponed till Thursday the answer to the address of the Commons, and also of the City of London. To-morrow something will be known.

May 14th I went to the Athenæum, and read in the *Standard* an elaborate justification of the Duke, assuming that he was about to pass the Bill. Now I believe in the fact. Late at night I was told of the conversations in the House of Commons, from which it appears by no means improbable that the old Ministry will return to place.

[N.B.—Paynter coming in at this moment confirms this, as the representative of *The Times*.]

May 15th. Going to Jaffray's, I found them in high spirits on account of the declaration in Parliament this evening that the King had sent for Lord Grey, which leads every one to consider the return of the Whigs as certain.

June 4th. This evening the Parliamentary Reform Bill passed the Lords, and was the same evening taken to the Commons! "Is the deed done, my lord?" said I to Bishop Phillpotts. He said, "Yes", and with great good-humour talked on the subject. He even praised the speech of Lord Grey this night as a very good one.

June 7th. This day will form an epoch in the history of England. *The Royal Assent was given to the Reform Bill!*

HENRY MARTYN

1781-1812

HENRY MARTYN, a Cornishman, Senior Wrangler and Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, at twenty-one, curate at Lolworth under Charles Simeon, left England in 1805 for a chaplaincy in Bengal under the East India Company. During the seven short years of his service in India he mastered several of the languages of the country and translated the New Testament and Book of Common Prayer. But he outwrought his physical strength and, after a painful journey through Persia and Asia Minor in pursuit of renewed health, died at Tokat making for Constantinople. His diary may seem to us to-day somewhat heavy reading. His object in keeping it was manifestly self-discipline, and it may be that his finger was too constantly on his own spiritual pulse. But the deep sincerity of the man is obvious and his self-sacrificing devotion as a pioneer missionary commands our utmost respect.

1804, *May 10th.* My spirit groans within me at the unprofitableness of my time, so much of which passes every day unsatisfactorily, generally through necessity, but sometimes through my own carelessness. Indeed if I were careful to live in the spirit of watchfulness and prayer at all times, I should be able to improve the odd half-hours. From something I read in Flavel, I was convinced of the injury we do to ourselves,*by coming to God without due meditation, but this, instead of inducing me to stir up my soul to a right frame, somehow made me less anxious. At length I had an hour to myself in my room, and I desired to turn it to the very best account. I read Hopkins and the Greek Testament, and prepared myself in a degree to meet the Lord. But in it I was not properly engaged, from not seeming long time enough before me. My soul groans after perfect holiness, though my flesh is slow to follow the way to attain it.

May 11th. B breakfasted with me, but for want of sufficient morning prayer, I was not careful to improve the conversation. My time being now so short, I determined to give all the rest of the day to acts of devotion, without going into hall to dinner. So I retired to the garden, and first read Flavel's *Saint Indeed*, and one of the Epistles, and then endeavoured to order my thoughts. How dark, confused, and wandering were they. I asked myself about what I was come to consider. I first assured myself upon grounds which I thought good, that I was building upon the right foundation, and then found that my true business was to get my heart, which has long been destitute of clear views of God, to become more spiritual. In prayer I continued some time with earnestness, and devoted myself to the service of my Lord with greater solemnity.

May 12th. Rose from morning prayer with my soul breathing after holiness. I hoped that this day I should keep my heart with all diligence—found my spirit right, happy in God, and full of hope. Read some of Milner's *Church History*, and of Flavel's *Saint Indeed*, with great blessing. In the afternoon was at a party at ——'s, with a party of men very familiar, as long known, though irreligious. What an unprofitable time it was, and that through my fault partly, and much do I fear I said many things in a way of wit to provoke or offend one of them there. Oh, my soul, this is a fearful sin. How different was my conduct from the tender, pitying, humble, and serious deportment of a true child of God! Towards night, my heart declined in spirituality through want of reading scripture and prayer. But, oh, that I might now truly begin to live with God, and to God!

May 13th. I was watchful this morning against earthly thoughts, and God sent a blessing to my spirit. I enjoyed everything, and rejoiced that I should daily grow more watchful, with every thought brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. Thus happy and holy frame continued during my morning service; and during my ride to Lolworth, though it was harder to preserve it, yet the taste of the sweetness of it made me strive to keep God in sight by prayer. Preached on Heb. iii 12. By altering the style of the written sermon, as I went along, it was delivered, I think, with plainness and earnestness. Read the evening service at Trinity Church with unusual fervour, but with many self-exalting thoughts at so doing.

May 15th. In morning prayer, I pleaded again and again that I might be heedful to my spirit during the day, that I might walk alone with God, that I might prepare myself for the evening, not with the detestable anxiety of approving myself unto men, but with the sole wish of doing the will of God.

GEORGE ROSE

1744–1818

ROSE held many offices under the crown in his day, and was the close and confidential friend of Pitt. Naturally his is a political diary, since he saw so much of "the secret springs which give motion to the wheels of government," and his intimacy with many of the great among his contemporaries made him cognisant of many things not generally known at the time. The extract given here allows us a glance at the condition of the country at one period of the Napoleonic wars.

1800, *October 8th, Wednesday.* Came to town from Cuffnells. Dined with Mr. Pitt alone, and after much conversation with

him on the state of the interior, prevailed with him to incline to an early meeting of Parliament

October 9th, Thursday. Dined with the Chancellor at Hampstead; satisfied him that it is highly desirable Parliament should meet; that if no effectual measure can be taken for relief of the country, with respect to a supply of corn, or to lessen the price, that the country may at least see the subject has not been neglected.

October 10th, Friday Lord Grenville concurred in the expediency of the early meeting of Parliament, and the Cabinet decided on the measure.

Mr. Alderman Shaw came to me on the state of provisions, suggested the expediency of giving the bounties according to the actual prices of wheat and flour, instead of according to the average prices, as under the Act of the last session; stated the prices of wheat having been raised from 105s, as set by the Essex farmers, to 122s by a principal factor, and alluded to Mr. C. S.

Mr. Garratt came to me, and proposed an actual survey of all the grain in the kingdom. Stated Mr. Peacock having his warehouses full of flour, and his refusing to sell a sack.

Mr. Wrench, a deputy in the city, and a dealer in corn, came to me and suggested that it would be highly expedient to compel the factors in Mark Lane to open to the market at the beginning of the day the whole quantities of grain they have to sell, as great advantage is taken by them in producing samples of small quantities to draw on buyers. He suggested also the expediency of preventing the same persons being factors and dealers. He spoke of the bounty in the same manner that Mr. Alderman Shaw had done.

Saw Mr. Suter, a starch-maker, and proposed to him to call a meeting of the trade, to propose their stopping the use of wheat in their manufactory, which he expressed himself willing to do, but was sure the others would not. Finding the wheat must be a month in steep to make starch, gave orders to the Commissioners of Excise to direct their officers to give notice to the starch-makers, that on the day of Parliament meeting (11th of November), a Bill would be moved for to prohibit their using grain, with a commencement from that day, that they would therefore steep any more wheat at their own risk which must produce the desired effect.

October 11th, Saturday. Mr. Bonwell came at my desire, and promised to convene all the distillers, for the purpose of pro-

posing to them to refrain from working from grain on Monday next.

Understanding there is a considerable quantity of rice in the country (especially in the capital), and that orders had been actually received for purchasing the whole for Holland, where it is selling at 40s, the price now here 35s. per quarter, wrote to the Commissioners of the Customs to direct them not to allow any of the article to be cleared out for exportation

October 12th, Sunday. Went to Mr. Scott, at Plaistow (in my way to Eden Farm), who satisfied me he had no intent in raising the prices of the wheat last Monday, as his profit arises solely from a commission of 6d per quarter on the wheat, as he sells only foreign. He also recommends a consideration of the alterations of the bounty.

October 13th, Monday. Mr. Bonwell returned to me to tell me two of the distillers, Mr. Bush and Messrs Smith and Co, of Brentford, positively refused to concur in not working from grain, and that therefore the rest of the trade must also work in their own defence, or they will lose their customers. On inquiry I learnt that the distillers steep their malt a fortnight before they can use it. I therefore directed the Commissioners of Excise to give notice to every distiller in and near London, before one o'clock to-morrow, that a Bill would be moved the first day of the session, to restrain them, which would narrow their working to a fortnight. Mr. Bonwell, thereupon, told me he was sure the whole, except the two before-mentioned, would concur in signing an undertaking not to work.

October 13th, Monday Evening. Desirous of information on several points respecting the corn trade, I went up to Mr. Charles Scott's house, in Gower Street, from whom I learnt the following particulars, and obtained the opinions here stated. Of the corn sold in Mark Lane, of English growth, nine-tenths belongs to individual farmers, from the harvest-time till the summer months; thenceforward, probably about five-sixths, the remainder to middlemen. The whole is sold by factors on commission.

The number of farmers for whom the sales are made are incalculable, many hundreds, even thousands, dispersed throughout the country, without knowledge of or intercourse with each other, sometimes the property of fifty farmers is in one vessel.

We cannot state the number of middlemen who are dealers, in most seaport towns there are several, and a few in inland ones, unconnected entirely with each other, and a constant jealousy amongst them.

Of persons usually selling corn in Mark Lane, there are about

twenty strictly corn-factors, and about fifteen who are also dealers or jobbers; besides the haymen, about fifteen in number, who sell the Kentish wheat.

Mr. Scott himself sells about one-fourth of the foreign wheat, no English.

Another house sells about one-eighth of the English.

Mr. Scott thinks it would be highly inexpedient to compel factors to state to the purchasers in the market, in the beginning of the day, the whole quantities each has to sell, but is of opinion it may be very proper to prevent a factor being likewise a dealer.

October 14th, Tuesday. Mr. Bonwell showed me an undertaking signed by every distiller in and near London, to forbear working till the sense of Parliament shall be known.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

(1804-1847)

Few diaries offer more delightful reading than Dorothy Wordsworth's. She was an indefatigable diarist. Whether at home in Alfoxden or Grasmere, or on tour in Scotland or on the Continent, she kept a faithful account of all she did and felt and thought, not that she intended publication she resisted every suggestion that she should publish something, she meant the record to be an aid to her own memory and part of it to be a pleasant legacy for her niece. Her pages reflect the simple ways, the plain homely living, of the Wordsworth household. We see her about her household tasks, gathering the eggs, mending her stockings and her brother's shirts, grilling a chop for him. We accompany her on her walks, alone or with William, sharing her delight in the mountains and lakes she loved, in the mosses and lichens, flowers and trees she observed with so discerning an eye. We are interested in the neighbours she meets and the tramps she talks with. She comes home tired but ready to welcome Coleridge or some other guest and always ready, tired or not tired, to minister to the comfort of her beloved William. Her affection for her brother was deep and lasting. She was a most devoted sister to him in his early days and continued even after his marriage to be his constant companion and helper. She acted as a kind of secretary to him, reading to him, making notes of stories and incidents he wanted to remember, copying his poems for him or taking them down from his dictation. He himself confesses that she was ears and eyes to him while they walked together beside the lakes and through the valleys and the careful student can often trace more than an accidental connection between his poem and her diary.

1800, *May 18th, Sunday.* Went to church, slight showers, a cold air. The mountains from this window look much greener, and I think the valley is more green than ever. The corn begins to show itself. The ashes are still bare. A little girl from Coniston

came to beg. She had lain out all night. Her step-mother had turned her out of doors; her father could not stay at home "she fights so." Walked to Ambleside in the evening round the lake, the prospect exceeding beautiful from Loughrigg Fell. It was so green that no eye could weary of reposing upon it. The most beautiful situation for a home, is the field next to Mr. Benson's, I was overtaken by two Cumberland people who complimented me upon my walking. They were going to sell cloth, and odd things which they make themselves, in Hawkshead and the neighbourhood. . . . Letters from Coleridge and Cottle. John Fisher overtook me on the other side of Rydale. He talked much about the alteration in the times, and observed that in a short time there would be only two ranks of people, the very rich and the very poor, "for those who have small estates," says he, "are forced to sell, and all the land goes into one hand." Did not reach home till ten o'clock.

Monday. Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets, mended old clothes, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen . . . Walked up into the Black Quarter. I sauntered a long time among the rocks above the church. The most delightful situation possible for a cottage, commanding two distinct views of the vale and of the lake, is among those rocks . . . The quietness and still seclusion of the valley affected me even to producing the deepest melancholy. I forced myself from it. The wind rose before I went to bed. . . .

Tuesday Morning. A fine mild rain. . . . Everything green and overflowing with life, and the streams making a perpetual song, with the thrushes, and all little birds, not forgetting the stone-chats. The post was not come in. I walked as far as Windermere, and met him there.

August 31st, Sunday. A great deal of corn is cut in the vale, and the whole prospect, though not tinged with a general autumnal yellow, yet softened down into a mellowness of colouring, which seems to impart softness to the forms of hills and mountains. At 11 o'clock Coleridge came, when I was walking in the still clear moonshine in the garden. He came over Helvellyn. Wm. was gone to bed, and John¹ also, worn out with his ride round Coniston. We sate and chatted till half-past three, . . . Coleridge reading a part of *Christabel*. Talked much about the mountains, etc. . . .

September 1st, Monday Morning. We walked in the wood by the lake. W. read *Joanna*, and the *Firgrove*, to Coleridge. They

¹ Her other brother

bathed. The morning was delightful, with somewhat of an autumnal freshness. After dinner, Coleridge discovered a rock-seat in the orchard. Cleared away brambles. Coleridge went to bed after tea. John and I followed Wm. up the hill, and then returned to go to Mr. Simpson's. We borrowed some bottles for bottling rum. The evening somewhat frosty and grey, but very pleasant. I broiled Coleridge a mutton chop, which he ate in bed. Wm was gone to bed. I chatted with John and Coleridge till near 12.

September 2nd, Tuesday In the morning they all went to Stickle Tarn. A very fine, warm, sunny, beautiful morning. . . . The fair-day. There seemed very few people and very few stalls, yet I believe there were many cakes and much beer sold. My brothers came home to dinner at 6 o'clock. We drank tea immediately after by candlelight. It was a lovely moonlight night. We talked much about a house on Helvellyn. The moonlight shone only upon the village. It did not eclipse the village lights, and the sound of dancing and merriment came along the still air. I walked with Coleridge and Wm up the lane and by the church, and then lingered with Coleridge in the garden. John and Wm were both gone to bed, and all the lights out.

September 3rd, Wednesday. Coleridge, Wm, and John went from home, to go upon Helvellyn with Mr. Simpson. They set out after breakfast. I accompanied them up near the blacksmith's. . . . I then went to a funeral at John Dawson's. About 10 men and 4 women. Bread, cheese, and ale. They talked sensibly and cheerfully about common things. The dead person, 56 years of age, buried by the parish. The coffin was neatly lettered and painted black, and covered with a decent cloth. They set the corpse down at the door, and, while we stood within the threshold, the men, with their hats off, sang, with decent and solemn countenances, a verse of a funeral psalm. The corpse was then borne down the hill, and they sang till they had passed the Town-End. I was affected to tears while we stood in the house, the coffin lying before me. There were no near kindred, no children. When we got out of the dark house the sun was shining, and the prospect looked as divinely beautiful as I ever saw it. It seemed more sacred than I had ever seen it, and yet more allied to human life. The green fields, in the neighbourhood of the churchyard, were as green as possible, and, with the brightness of the sunshine, looked quite gay. I thought she was going to a quiet spot, and I could not help weeping very much. When we came to the bridge, they began to sing again, and stopped during four lines before they entered

the churchyard. . . . Wm. and John came home at 10 o'clock

October 2nd, Thursday. A very rainy morning. We walked after dinner to observe the torrents. I followed Wm to Rydale. We afterwards went to Butterlip How. The Black Quarter looked marshy, and the general prospect was cold, but the force was very grand. The lichens are now coming out afresh. I carried home a collection in the afternoon. We had a pleasant conversation about the manners of the rich; avarice, inordinate desires, and the effeminacy, unnaturalness, and unworthy objects of education. The moonlight lay upon the hills like snow.

October 3rd, Friday. Very rainy all the morning. Wm walked to Ambleside after dinner. I went with him part of the way. He talked much about the object of his essay for the second volume of "L B"¹. . . . Amos Cottle's death in the *Morning Post*.

N.B. When William and I returned from accompanying Jones, we met an old man almost double. He had on a coat, thrown over his shoulders, above his waistcoat and coat. Under this he carried a bundle, and had an apron on and a night-cap. His face was interesting. He had dark eyes and a long nose. John, who afterwards met him at Wytheburn, took him for a Jew. He was of Scotch parents, but had been born in the army. He had had a wife, and "she was a good woman, and it pleased God to bless us with ten children." All these were dead but one, of whom he had not heard for many years, a sailor. His trade was to gather leeches, but now leeches were scarce, and he had not strength for it. He lived by begging, and was making his way to Carlisle, where he should buy a few godly books to sell. He said leeches were very scarce, partly owing to this dry season, but many years they have been scarce. He supposed it owing to their being much sought after, that they did not breed fast, and were of slow growth. Leeches were formerly 2s. 6d. per 100, they are now 30s. He had been hurt in driving a cart, his leg broken, his body driven over, his skull fractured. He felt no pain till he recovered from his first insensibility. It was then late in the evening, when the light was just going away.

October 4th, Saturday. A very rainy, or rather showery and gusty, morning; for often the sun shines. Thomas Ashburner could not go to Keswick. Read a part of Lamb's Play. The language is often very beautiful, but too imitative in particular phrases, words, etc. The characters, except Margaret, unintelligible, and, except Margaret's, do not show themselves in

¹ The Lyrical Ballads

action. Coleridge came in while we were at dinner, very wet. We talked till twelve o'clock. He had sate up all the night before, writing essays for the newspaper. . . . Exceedingly delighted with the second part of *Christabel*.

October 5th, Sunday Morning. Coleridge read *Christabel* a second time; we had increasing pleasure. A delicious morning. Wm. and I were employed all the morning in writing an addition to the Preface. Wm. went to bed, very ill after working after dinner. Coleridge and I walked to Ambleside after dark with the letter. Returned to tea at 9 o'clock. Wm. still in bed, and very ill. Silver How in both lakes.

Monday. A rainy day. Coleridge intending to go, but did not go off. We walked after dinner to Rydale. After tea read *The Pedlar*. Determined not to print *Christabel* with the L. B.

Tuesday. Coleridge went off at eleven o'clock. I went as far as Mr. Simpson's. Returned with Mary.

1802, *March, Monday Morning.* We sate reading the poems, and I read a little German. . . . During W's absence a sailor who was travelling from Liverpool to Whitehaven called, he was faint and pale when he knocked at the door—a young man very well dressed. We sate by the kitchen fire talking with him for two hours. He told us interesting stories of his life. His name was Isaac Chapel. He had been at sea since he was 15 years old. He was by trade a sail-maker. His last voyage was to the coast of Guinea. He had been on board a slave ship, the captain's name Maxwell, where one man had been killed, a boy put to lodge with the pigs and was half eaten, set to watch in the hot sun till he dropped down dead. He had been away in North America and had travelled thirty days among the Indians, where he had been well treated. He had twice swam from a King's ship in the night and escaped. He said he would rather be in hell than be pressed. He was now going to wait in England to appear against Captain Maxwell. "O he's a Rascal, Sir, he ought to be put in the papers!" The poor man has not been in bed since Friday night. He left Liverpool at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning; he had called at a farm house to beg victuals and had been refused. The woman said she would give him nothing. "Won't you? Then I can't help it." He was excessively like my brother John.

Tuesday. . . . William went up into the orchard, . . . and wrote a part of *The Emigrant Mother*. After dinner I read him to sleep. I read Spenser. . . . We walked to look at Rydale. The moon was a good height above the mountains. She seemed

far distant in the sky There were two stars beside her, that twinkled in and out, and seemed almost like butterflies in motion and lightness They looked to be far nearer to us than the moon.

Wednesday William went up into the orchard and finished the poem I went and sate with W. and walked backwards and forwards in the orchard till dinner time He read me his poem I read to him, and my Beloved¹ slept A sweet evening as it had been a sweet day, and I walked quietly along the side of Rydale lake with quiet thoughts—the hills and the lake were still—the owls had not begun to hoot, and the little birds had given over singing I looked before me and saw a red light upon Silver How as if coming out of the vale below,

There was a light of most strange birth,
A light that came out of the earth,
And spread along the dark hill-side

Thus I was going on when I saw the shape of my Beloved in the road at a little distance. We turned back to see the light but it was fading—almost gone. The owls hooted when we sate on the wall at the foot of White Moss, the sky broke more and more, and we saw the moon now and then John Gill passed us with his cart, we sate on When we came in sight of our own dear Grasmere, the vale looked fair and quiet in the moon-shine, the Church was there and all the cottages There were huge slow-travelling clouds in the sky, that threw large masses of shade upon some of the mountains. We walked backwards and forwards, between home and Olhff's, till I was tired William kindled, and began to write the poem We carried cloaks into the orchard, and sate a while there I left him, and he nearly finished the poem. I was tired to death, and went to bed before him. He came down to me, and read the poem to me in bed A sailor begged here to-day, going to Glasgow. He spoke cheerfully in a sweet tone.

Thursday. Rydale vale was full of life and motion. The wind blew briskly, and the lake was covered all over with bright silver waves, that were there each the twinkling of an eye, then others rose up and took their place as fast as they went away The rocks glittered in the sunshine. The crows and the ravens were busy, and the thrushes and little birds sang. I went through the fields, and sate for an hour afraid to pass a cow. The cow looked at me, and I looked at the cow, and whenever I stirred the cow gave over eating. . . . A parcel came in from Birming-

¹ i.e. William.

ham, with Lamb's play for us, and for C. . . As we came along Ambleside vale in the twilight, it was a grave evening. There was something in the air that compelled me to various thoughts—the hills were large, closed in by the sky . . . Night was come on, and the moon was overcast. But, as I climbed the moss, the moon came out from behind a mountain mass of black clouds. Oh, the unutterable darkness of the sky, and the earth below the moon, and the glorious brightness of the moon itself! There was a vivid sparkling streak of light at this end of Rydale water, but the rest was very dark, and Loughrigg Fell and Silver How were white and bright, as if they were covered with hoar frost. The moon retired again, and appeared and disappeared several times before I reached home. Once there was no moonlight to be seen but upon the island-house and the promontory of the island where it stands. "That needs must be a holy place," etc. I had many very exquisite feelings, and when I saw this lowly Building in the waters, among the dark and lofty hills, with that bright, soft light upon it, it made me more than half a poet.

May 15th, Saturday. A very cold and cheerless morning. I sat mending stockings all the morning. I read an *Shakespeare*. William lay very late because he slept ill last night. It snowed this morning just like Christmas. We had a melancholy letter from Coleridge at bedtime. It distressed me very much, and I resolved upon going to Keswick the next day.

May 16th, Sunday. William was at work all the morning. I did not go to Keswick. A sunny, cold, frosty day. A snow-storm at night. We were a good while in the orchard in the morning.

May 17th, Monday. William was not well, he went with me to Wytheburn water, and left me in a post-chaise. Hail showers, snow, and cold attacked me. The people were graving peats under Nadel Fell. A lark and thrush singing near Coleridge's house. Bancrofts there. A letter from M. H.

May 18th, Tuesday. Terribly cold, Coleridge not well. Froude called, Wilkinsons called, C. and I walked in the evening in the garden. Warmer in the evening. Wrote to M. and S.

May 19th, Wednesday. A grey morning—not quite so cold. C. and I set off at half-past nine o'clock. Met William near the six-mile stone. We sat down by the road-side, and then went to Wytheburn water. Longed to be at the island. Sat in the sun. We drank tea at John Stanley's. The evening cold and clear. A glorious light on Skiddaw. I was tired. Brought a

cloak down from Mr. Simpson's. Packed up books for Coleridge, then got supper, and went to bed.

May 20th, Thursday A frosty, clear morning. I lay in bed late William got to work I was somewhat tired We sate in the orchard sheltered all the morning In the evening there was a fine rain. We received a letter from Coleridge telling us that he wishes us not to go to Keswick.

May 21st, Friday A very warm gentle morning, a little rain William wrote two sonnets on Buonaparte, after I had read Milton's sonnets to him. In the evening he went with Mr. Simpson with Borwick's boat to gather ling in Bainrigg's I plashed about the well, was much heated, and I think I caught cold.

May 22nd, Saturday. A very hot morning. A hot wind, as if coming from a sand desert. We met Coleridge He was sitting under Sara's rock. When we reached him he turned with us. We sate a long time under the wall of a sheep-fold. Had some interesting, melancholy talk, about his private affairs. We drank tea at a farmhouse The woman was very kind. There was a woman with three children travelling from Workington to Manchester. The woman served them liberally. Afterwards she said that she never suffered any to go away without a trifle "sec as we have" The woman at whose house we drank tea the last time was rich and senseless—she said "she never served any but their own poor." C came home with us We sate some time in the orchard. . . . Letters from S. and M. H.

Sunday. I sat with C in the orchard all the morning . . . We walked in Bainrigg's after tea. Saw the juniper—umbrella shaped. C. went to the Points, joined us on White Moss

May 24th, Monday A very hot morning. We were ready to go off with Coleridge, but foolishly sauntered, and Miss Taylor and Miss Stanley called William and Coleridge and I went afterwards to the top of The Raise

I sent off a letter to Mary by C. I wrote again, and to C.

May 25th. Tuesday . . . Papers and short note from C, again no sleep for William.

May 28th, Friday. William tired himself with hammering at a passage

. . . We sate in the orchard. The sky cloudy, the air sweet and cool. The young bullfinches, in their party-coloured raiment, bustle about among the blossoms, and poise themselves like wire-dancers or tumblers, shaking the twigs and dashing off the blossoms. There is yet one primrose in the orchard. The stitchwort is fading. The vetches are in abundance, blossoming and

seedling. That pretty little wavy-looking dial-like yellow flower, the speedwell, and some others, whose names I do not yet know. The wild columbines are coming into beauty, some of the gowans fading. In the garden we have lilies, and many other flowers. The scarlet beans are up in crowds. It is now between eight and nine o'clock. It has rained sweetly for two hours and a half, the air is very mild. The heckberry blossoms are dropping off fast, almost gone, barberries are in beauty, snowballs coming forward; May roses blossoming.

May 29th, Saturday . . William finished his poem on going for Mary. I wrote it out. I wrote to Mary H., having received a letter from her in the evening. A sweet day. We nailed up the honeysuckles, and hoed the scarlet beans.

May 31st, Monday . . We sat out all the day . . . I wrote out the poem on "Our Departure," which he seemed to have finished. In the evening Miss Simpson brought us a letter from M. H., and a complimentary and critical letter to W. from John Wilson¹ of Glasgow.

1803, *August 19th, Friday* . . Leadhills, another mining village, was the place of our destination for the night; and soon after we had passed the cart we came in sight of it. This village and the mines belonged to Lord Hopetoun; it has more stone houses than Wanlockhead, one large old mansion, and a considerable number of old trees—beeches, I believe. The trees told of the coldness of the climate, they were more brown than green—far browner than the ripe grass of the little hay-garths. Here, as at Wanlockhead, were haycocks, hay-stacks, potato-beds, and kail-garths in every possible variety of shape, but, I suppose from the irregularity of the ground, it looked far less artificial—indeed I should think that a painter might make several beautiful pictures in this village. It straggles down both sides of a mountain glen. As I have said, there is a large mansion. There is also a stone building that looks like a school; and the houses are single, or in clusters, or rows as it may chance.

We passed a decent-looking inn, the Hopetoun Arms, but the house of Mrs. Otto, a widow, had been recommended to us with high encomiums. We did not then understand Scotch inns, and were not quite satisfied at first with our accommodations, but all things were smoothed over by degrees; we had a fire lighted in our dirty parlour, tea came after a reasonable waiting; and the fire with the gentle aid of twilight, burnished up the room into cheerful comfort. Coleridge was weary; but William

¹"Christopher North."

and I walked out after tea. We talked with one of the miners, who informed us that the building which we had supposed to be a school was a library belonging to the village. He said they had got a book into it a few weeks ago, which had cost thirty pounds, and that they had all sorts of books "What! have you Shakespeare?" "Yes, we have that," and we found, on further inquiry, that they had a large library, of long standing, that Lord Hopetoun had subscribed liberally to it, and that gentlemen who came with him were in the habit of making larger or smaller donations. Each man who had the benefit of it paid a small sum monthly—I think about fourpence.

The man we talked with spoke much of the comfort and quiet in which they lived one among another, he made use of a noticeable expression, saying that they were "very peaceable people considering they lived so much under-ground";—wages were about thirty pounds a year, they had land for potatoes, warm houses, plenty of coals, and only six hours' work each day, so that they had leisure for reading if they chose. He said the place was healthy, that the inhabitants lived to a great age, and indeed we saw no appearance of ill-health in their countenances, but it is not common for people working in lead mines to be healthy, and I have since heard that it is *not* a healthy place. However this may be, they are unwilling to allow it, for the landlady the next morning, when I said to her "You have a cold climate," replied, "Ay, but it is *varra* *halesome*." We inquired of the man respecting the large mansion, he told us that it was built, as we might see, in the form of an H, and belonged to the Hopetouns, and they took their title from thence, and that part of it was used as a chapel. We went close to it, and were a good deal amused with the building itself, standing forth in bold contradiction of the story which I daresay every man of Leadhills tells, and every man believes, that it is in the shape of an H, it is but half an H, and one must be very accommodating to allow it even *so* much, for the legs are far too short.

We visited the burying-ground, a plot of land not very small, crowded with graves, and upright gravestones, overlooking the village and the dell. It was now the closing in of evening. Women and children were gathering in the linen for the night, which was bleaching by the burn-side,—the graves overgrown with grass, such as, by industrious culture, had been raised up about the houses, but there were bunches of heather here and there, and with the blue-bells that grew among the grass the small plot of ground had a beautiful and wild appearance.

William left me, and I went to a shop to purchase some

thread, the woman had none that suited me, but she would send a "wee lad" to the other shop. In the meantime I sat with the mother, and was much pleased with her manner and conversation. She had an excellent fire, and her cottage, though very small, looked comfortable and cleanly, but remember I saw it only by firelight. She confirmed what the man had told us of the quiet manner in which they lived, and indeed her house and fireside seemed to need nothing to make it a cheerful happy spot, but health and good humour. There was a bookishness, a certain formality in this woman's language, which was very remarkable. She had a dark complexion, dark eyes, and wore a very white cap, much over her face, which gave her the look of a French woman, and indeed afterwards the women on the roads frequently reminded us of French women, partly from the extremely white caps of the elder women, and still more perhaps from a certain gaiety and party-coloured appearance in their dress in general. White bed-gowns are very common, and you rarely meet a young girl with either hat or cap; they buckle up their hair often in a graceful manner.

I returned to the inn, and went into the kitchen to speak with the landlady; she had made a hundred hesitations when I told her we wanted three beds. At last she confessed she *had* three beds, and showed me into a parlour which looked damp and cold, but she assured me in a tone that showed she was unwilling to be questioned further, that all *her* beds were well aired. I sat a while by the kitchen fire with the landlady, and began to talk to her, but, much as I had heard in her praise—for the shopkeeper had told me she was a *varia* discreet woman—I cannot say that her manners pleased me much. But her servant made amends, for she was as pleasant and cheerful a lass as was ever seen, and when we asked her to do anything, she answered, "Oh yes," with a merry smile, and almost ran to get us what we wanted. She was about sixteen years old, wore shoes and stockings, and had her hair tucked up with a comb. The servant at Brownhill was a coarse-looking wench, barefoot and barelegged. I examined the kitchen round about, it was crowded with furniture, drawers, cupboards, dish-covers, pictures, pans, and pots, arranged without order, except that the plates were on shelves, and the dish-covers hung in rows; these were very clean, but floors, passages, staircase, everything else dirty. There were two beds in recesses in the wall, above one of them I noticed a shelf with some books.

They were baking oat-bread, which they cut into quarters, and half-baked over the fire, and half-toasted before it. There was a

suspiciousness about Mrs. Otto, almost like ill-nature; she was very jealous of any inquiries that might appear to be made with the faintest idea of a comparison between Leadhills and any other place, except the advantage was evidently on the side of Leadhills. We had nice honey to breakfast. When ready to depart, we learned that we might have seen the library, which we had not thought of till it was too late, and we were very sorry to go away without seeing it.

WILLIAM COBBETT

1766-1835

GRANDSON of a farm labourer and son of a small farmer in Surrey, William Cobbett was born in 1766. His education was of his own getting. At the age of eighteen he joined the army. Promoted to be sergeant-major, he married a soldier's daughter and entered on a long and happy married life. Discharged in 1791 he went to the United States and opened a bookseller's business in Philadelphia. But he also began writing political pamphlets in which he poured contempt on American institutions and sang the praises of his native land. His reckless pen got him into trouble. He was fined five thousand dollars for libel, and returned to England in 1800. Bookselling in Pall Mall, writing innumerable pamphlets, and managing a Hampshire farm kept him busy for the rest of his life. He was an able man, strong-minded and resolute. But his heart still overruled his head. His sympathies were with "the under dog", and he never flagged in contending for his rights. To be the champion of the poor and a power in the land, was his ambition. But his lack of balanced judgment, his inability to see more than one side of a question, and the uncontrolled violence with which he assailed his opponents, militated against his influence. He was repeatedly mulct in large sums, was on one occasion imprisoned for two years, and had to take refuge from his debts for a time in America. Nevertheless he had many friends and good friends too. On his release from prison they honoured him with a public dinner in London, and their support achieved his election to parliament in 1830 as member for Oldham. It is on record that he was listened to in the House with "amused attention". His "Rural Rides" were undertaken at various times between 1821 and 1832. His account of them is a diary written as he had opportunity during their progress, but written obviously for publication. It partakes largely of the nature of a series of political tracts. The picture he paints of the England of his day is dark enough. To him the rise of the industrial age is anathema. He deplores the depopulation of the rural parishes, the decay of home industries, the introduction of machinery and the growth of the factory system. He hates the towns—the "Wens" as he calls them—and the centralisation of markets. His language becomes bitterly ironical when he denounces the Jews and stockjobbers, the Quakers and middlemen, who, in his eyes, are chiefly responsible for the impoverishment of the poor tiller of the soil. All the same he believed that better days were coming and events were working to make England a country worth living in.

1823, *August 1st*. Soon after quitting Billinghamurst I crossed the river Arun, which has a canal running alongside of it. At this there are large timber and coal yards, and kilns for lime. This appears to be a grand receiving and distributing place. The river goes down to Arundale, and, together with the valley that it runs through, gives the town its name. This valley, which is very pretty, and which winds about a good deal, is the dale of the Arun; and the town is the town of the Arundale. To-day, near a place called Wesborough Green, I saw a woman bleaching her home-spun and home-woven linen. I have not seen such a thing before, since I left Long Island. There, and, indeed, all over the American States, North of Maryland, and especially in the New England States, almost the whole of both linen and woollen, used in the country, and a large part of that used in towns, is made in the farm-houses. There are thousands and thousands of families who never use either, except of their own making. All but the weaving is done by the family. There is a loom in the house, and the weaver goes from house to house. I once saw about three thousand farmers, or rather country people, at a horse-race in Long Island, and my opinion was, that there were not five hundred who were not dressed in home-spun coats. As to linen, no farmer's family thinks of buying linen. The Lords of the Loom have taken from the land in England this part of its due, and hence one cause of the poverty, misery, and pauperism, that are becoming so frightful throughout the country. A national debt, and all the taxation and gambling belonging to it have a natural tendency to draw wealth into great masses. These masses produce a power of congregating manufacturers, and of making the many work at them, for the gain of a few. The taxing Government finds great convenience in these congregations. It can lay its hand easily upon a part of the produce, as ours does with so much effect. But, the land suffers greatly from this, and the country must finally feel the fatal effects of it. The country people lose part of their natural employment. The women and children, who ought to provide a great part of the raiment, have nothing to do. The fields must have men and boys; but, where there are men and boys there will be women and girls; and, as the Lords of the Loom have now a set of real slaves, by the means of whom they take away a great part of the employment of the country-women and girls, these must be kept by poor-rates in whatever degree they lose employment through the Lords of the Loom. One would think, that nothing can be much plainer than this; and yet you hear the jolterheads congratulating one another upon the increase of Manchester, and

such places' My straw affair will certainly restore to the land some of the employment of its women and girls. It will be impossible for any of the "rich ruffians", any of the horse-power or steam-power or air-power ruffians, any of these greedy ruffians, to draw together bands of men, women and children, and to make them slaves, in the working of straw. The raw material comes of itself, and the hand, and the hand alone, can convert it to use. I thought well of this before I took one single step in the way of supplanting the Leghorn bonnets. If I had not been certain that no rich ruffian, no white slave holder, could ever arise out of it, assuredly one line upon the subject never would have been written by me. Better a million times that the money should go to Italy, better that it should go to enrich even the rivals and enemies of the country, than that it should enable these hard, these unfeeling men, to draw English people into crowds and make them slaves, and slaves too of the lowest and most degraded cast.

As I was coming into this town I saw a newfashioned sort of stone-cracking. A man had a sledge-hammer, and was cracking the heads of the big stones that had been laid on the road a good while ago. This is a very good way, but, this man told me, that he was set at this, because the farmers had no employment for many of the men. "Well," said I, "but they pay you to do this?" "Yes," said he. "Well, then," said I, "is it not better for them to pay you for working on their land?" "I can't tell, indeed, Sir, how it is." But, only think, here is half the haymaking to do. I saw, while I was talking to this man, fifty people in one hay-field of Lord Egremont, making and carrying hay, and yet, at a season like this, the farmers are so poor as to be unable to pay the labourers to work on the land! From this cause there will certainly be some falling off in production. This will, of course, have a tendency to keep prices from falling so low as they would do if there were no falling off. But, can this benefit the farmer and landlord? The poverty of the farmers is seen in their diminished stock. The animals are sold younger than formerly. Last year was a year of great slaughtering. There will be less of every thing produced; and the quality of each thing will be worse. It will be a lower and more mean concern altogether. Petworth is a nice market town, but solid and clean. The great abundance of stone in the land hereabouts has caused a corresponding liberality in paving and wall-building, so that every thing of the building kind has an air of great strength, and produces the agreeable idea of durability. Lord Egremont's house is close to the town, and, with its out-buildings, garden

walls, and other erections, is, perhaps, nearly as big as the town. though the town is not a very small one The Park is very fine, and consists of a parcel of those hills and dells, which Nature formed here, when she was in one of her most sportive modes I have never seen the earth flung about in such a wild way as round about Hindhead and Blackdown, and this Park forms a part of this ground. From an elevated part of it, and, indeed, from each of many parts of it, you see all around the country to the distance of many miles From the South East to the North West, the hills are so lofty and so near, that they cut the view rather short, for the rest of the circle, you can see to a very great distance It is, upon the whole, a most magnificent seat, and the Jews will not be able to get it from the present owner; though, if he live many years, they will give even him a twist If I had time, I would make an actual survey of one whole county, and find out how many of the old gentry have lost their estates, and have been supplanted by the Jews, since Pitt began his reign. I am sure I should prove that, in number, they are one-half extinguished But, it is now, that they go The little ones are, indeed, gone, and the rest will follow in proportion as the present farmers are exhausted These will keep on giving rents as long as they can beg or borrow the money to pay rents with. But, a little more time will so completely exhaust them, that they will be unable to pay; and, as that takes place, the landlords will lose their estates Indeed many of them, and even a large portion of them, have, in fact, no estates now. They are called theirs, but the mortgagees and annuitants receive the rents. As the rents fall off, sales must take place, unless in cases of entails, and, if this thing go on, we shall see acts passed to cut off entails, in order that the Jews may be put into full possession Such, thus far, will be the result of our "glorious victories" over the French! Such will be, in part, the price of the deeds of Pitt, Addington, Perceval and their successors For having applauded such deeds; for having boasted of the Wellesleys; for having bragged of battles won by money and by money only, the nation deserves that which it will receive; and, as to the landlords, they, above all men living, deserve punishment. They put the power into the hands of Pitt and his crew to torment the people, to keep the people down, to raise soldiers and to build barracks for this purpose These base landlords laughed when affairs like that of Manchester took place. They laughed at the Blanketteers. They laughed when Canning jested about Ogden's rupture. Let them, therefore, now take the full benefit of the measures of Pitt and his crew. They would fain have us, believe,

that the calamities they endure do not arise from the acts of the Government. What do they arise from, then? The Jacobins did not contract the Debt of £800,000,000 sterling. The Jacobins did not create a Dead Weight of £150,000,000. The Jacobins did not cause a pauper-charge of £200,000,000 by means of "new inclosure bills," "vast improvements," paper-money, potatoes, and other "proofs of prosperity." The Jacobins did not do these things. And, will the Government pretend that "Providence" did it? That would be "blasphemy" indeed—Poh! These things are the price of efforts to crush freedom in France, lest the example of France should produce a reform in England. These things are the price of that undertaking, which, however, has not yet been crowned with success, for the question is not yet decided. They boast of their victory over the French. The Pitt crew boast of their achievements in the war. They boast of the battle of Waterloo. Why! what fools could not get the same, or the like, if they had as much money to get it with? Shooting with a silver gun is a saying amongst game-eaters. That is to say, purchasing the game. A waddling, fat fellow, that does not know how to prime and load, will, in this way, beat the best shot in the country. And, this is the way that our crew beat the people of France. They laid out, in the first place, six hundred millions which they borrowed, and for which they mortgaged the revenues of the nation. Then they contracted for a dead weight to the amount of one hundred and fifty millions. Then they stripped the labouring classes of the commons, of their kettles, their bedding, their beer-barrels, and, in short, made them all paupers, and thus fixed on the nation a permanent annual charge of about 8 or 9 millions, or, a gross debt of £200,000,000. By these means, by these anticipations, our crew did what they thought would keep down the French nation for ages, and what they were sure would, for the present, enable them to keep up the tithes and other things of the same sort in England. But, the crew did not reflect on the consequences of the anticipations! Or, at least, the landlords, who gave the crew their power did not thus reflect. These consequences are now come, and are coming; and that must be a base man indeed, who does not see them with pleasure.

August 6th. This village of Easton lies at a few miles towards the north-east from Winchester. It is distant from Botley by the way which I came about fifteen or sixteen miles. I came through Durley, where I went to the house of farmer Mears. I was very much pleased with what I saw at Durley, which is about two miles from Botley, and is certainly one of the most obscure villages in this whole kingdom. Mrs. Mears, the farmer's wife

had made, of the crested dog's tail grass, a bonnet which she wears herself. I there saw girls plating the straw. They had made plat of several degrees of fineness, and, they sell it to some person or persons at Fareham, who, I suppose, makes it into bonnets. Mrs. Mears, who is a very intelligent and clever woman, has two girls at work, each of whom earns per week as much (within a shilling) as her father, who is a labouring man, earns per week. The father has at this time, only 7s per week. These two girls (and not very stout girls) earn six shillings a week each, thus the income of this family is, from seven shillings a week, raised to nineteen shillings a week. I shall suppose that this may in some measure be owing to the generosity of ladies in the neighbourhood and to their desire to promote this domestic manufacture; but, if I suppose that these girls receive double compared to what they will receive for the same quantity of labour when the manufacture becomes more general, is it not a great thing to make the income of the family thirteen shillings a week instead of seven? Very little, indeed, could these poor things have done in the field during the last forty days. And, besides, how clean, how healthful, how every thing that one could wish, is this sort of employment! The farmer, who is also a very intelligent person, told me, that he should endeavour to introduce the manufacture as a thing to assist the obtaining of employment, in order to lessen the amount of the poor-rates. I think it very likely that this will be done in the parish of Durley. A most important matter it is, to put paupers in the way of ceasing to be paupers. I could not help admiring the zeal as well as the intelligence of the farmer's wife, who expressed her readiness to teach the girls and women of the parish, in order to enable them to assist themselves. I shall hear, in all probability, of their proceedings at Durley, and if I do, I shall make a point of communicating to the Public an account of those interesting proceedings. From the very first, from the first moment of my thinking about this straw affair, I regarded it as likely to assist in bettering the lot of the labouring people. If it has not this effect, I value it not. It is not worth the attention of any of us, but I am satisfied that this is the way in which it will work. I have the pleasure to know, that there is one labouring family, at any rate, who are living well through my means. It is I, who, without knowing them, without ever having seen them, without even now knowing their names, have given the means of good living to a family who were before half-starved. This is indisputably my work; and when I reflect that there must necessarily be, now, some hundreds of families, and shortly many thousands of

families, in England, who are and will be, through my means, living well instead of being half-starved; I cannot but feel myself consoled, I cannot but feel that I have some compensation for the sentence passed upon me by Ellenborough, Grose, Le Blanc and Bailey, and I verily believe, that, in the case of this one single family in the parish of Durley, I have done more good than Bailey ever did in the whole course of his life, notwithstanding his pious Commentary on the Book of Common Prayer. I will allow nothing to be good, with regard to the labouring classes, unless it make an addition to their victuals, drink, or clothing. As to their minds, that is much too sublime matter for me to think about. I know that they are in rags, and that they have not a belly-full, and I know that the way to make them good, to make them honest, to make them dutiful, to make them kind to one another, is to enable them to live well; and I also know, that none of these things will ever be accomplished by Methodist sermons, and by those stupid, at once stupid and malignant things and roguish things, called Religious Tracts.

It seems that this farmer at Durley has always read the Register, since the first appearance of little two-penny trash. Had it not been for this reading, Mrs. Mears would not have thought about the grass, and had she not thought about the grass, none of the benefits above mentioned would have arisen to her neighbours. The difference between this affair and the spinning-jenny affairs is this, that the spinning-jenny affairs fill the pockets of "rich ruffians," such as those who would have murdered me at Coventry, and that this straw affair makes an addition to the food and raiment of the labouring classes, and gives not a penny to be pocketed by the rich ruffians.

Hayden, 1826, September 30th, Saturday night. Dr. Black, in remarking upon my Ride down the vale of the Salisbury Avon, says, that there has, doubtless, been a falling off in the population of the villages, "lying amongst the chalk-hills"; aye, and lying everywhere else too, or, how comes it, that four-fifths of the parishes of Herefordshire, abounding in rich land, in meadows, orchards, and pastures, have either no parsonage-houses at all, or have none that a Parson thinks fit for him to live in? I vouch for the fact, I will, whether in Parliament or not, prove the fact to the Parliament; and, if the fact be such, the conclusion is inevitable. But how melancholy is the sight of these decayed, and still decaying villages, in the dells of the Cotswold, where the building materials, being stone, the ruins do not totally disappear for ages! The village of Withington (mentioned above) has a

church like a small cathedral, and the whole of the population is now only 603 persons, men, women, and children. So that, according to the Scotch fellows, this immense and fine church, which is as sound as it was 7 or 800 years ago, was built by, and for a population, containing, at most, only about 120 grown-up and able-bodied men! But here, in this once populous village, or I think town, you see *all* the indubitable marks of most melancholy decay. There are several lanes, crossing each other, which *must* have been *streets* formerly. There is a large open space where the principal streets meet. There are, against this open place, two large, old, roomy houses, with gateways into back parts of them, and with large stone *upping-blocks* against the walls of them in the street. These were manifestly considerable *inns*, and, in this open place, markets or fairs, or both used to be held. I asked two men, who were threshing in a barn, how long it was since their public-house was put down, or dropped? They told me about sixteen years. One of these men, who was about fifty years of age, could remember *three* public-houses, one of which was what was called an *inn*! The place stands by the side of a little brook, which here rises, or rather issues, from a high hill, and which, when it has wended down for some miles, and through several villages, begins to be called the River Colne, and continues on, under this name through Fauiford and along, I suppose, till it falls into the Thames. Withington is very prettily situated, it was, and not very long ago, a gay and happy place, but it now presents a picture of dilapidation, and shabbiness, scarcely to be equalled. Here are the yet visible remains of two gentlemen's houses. Great farmers have supplied their place, as to inhabiting, and, I daresay, that some tax-eater, or some blaspheming Jew, or some still more base and wicked loan-mongering robber is now the owner of the land, aye, and all these people are his *slaves* as completely, and more to their wrong, than the blacks are the slaves of the planters in Jamaica, the farmers here, acting, in fact, in a capacity corresponding with that of the negro-drivers there.

A part, and, perhaps, a considerable part, of the decay and misery of this place, is owing to the use of *machinery*, and to the *monopolising*, in the manufacture of Blankets, of which fabric the town of Witney (above mentioned) was the centre, and from which town the wool used to be sent round to, and the yarn, or warp, come back from, all these Cotswold villages, and quite into a part of Wiltshire. This work is all now gone, and so the women, and the girls, are a "surplus *popalashon, mon*," and are, of course, to be dealt with by the "Emigration Committee d

the Collective Wisdom"'. There were, only a few years ago, above thirty blanket-manufacturers at Witney twenty-five of these have been swallowed up by the five, that now have all the manufacture in their hands'. And all this has been done by that system of gambling, and of fictitious money, which has conveyed property from the hands of the many, into the hands of the few. But, wise Burdett *likes* this! He wants the land to be cultivated by few hands, and he wants machinery, and all those things, which draw money into *large masses*; that make a nation consist of a few of very rich, and of millions of very poor! Burdett must look sharp, or this system, will play him a trick, before it come to an end.

The crops on the Cotswold have been pretty good; and I was very much surprised to see a scattering of early turnips, and, in some places, decent crops. Upon this Wold I saw more early turnips in a mile or two, than I saw in all Herefordshire, and Worcestershire, and in all the rich and low part of Gloucestershire. The high lands always, during the year, and especially during the summer, receive much more of rain than the low lands. The clouds hang about the hills, and the dews, when they rise, go, most frequently, and cap the hills.

Wheat-sowing is yet going on, on the Wold, but, the greater part of it is sown, and not only sown, but up, and in some places, high enough to "hide a hare." What a difference! In some parts of England, no man thinks of sowing wheat till November, and it is often done in March. If the latter were done on this Wold, there would not be a bushel on an acre. The ploughing and other work, on the Wold, is done, in great part, by oxen, and here, are some of the finest ox-teams, that I ever saw.

All the villages down to Fairford are pretty much in the same dismal condition as that of Withington. Fairford, which is quite on the border of Gloucestershire, is a very pretty little market-town, and has one of the prettiest churches in the kingdom. It was, they say, built in the reign of Henry VII, and one is naturally surprised to see, that its windows of beautiful stained glass had the luck to escape, not only the fangs of the ferocious "good Queen Bess", not only the unsparing plundering minions of James I; but, even the devastating ruffians of Cromwell.

We got in here, about four o'clock, and at the house of Mr. Iles, where we slept, passed, amongst several friends, a very pleasant evening. This morning, Mr. Iles was so good, as to ride with us, as far as the house of another friend at Kempsford, which is the last Gloucestershire parish in our route. At this friend's, Mr. Arkall, we saw a fine dairy of about 60 or 80 cows,

and a cheese loft with, perhaps, more than two thousand cheeses in it, at least there were many hundreds. This village contains, what are said to be the remnants and ruins of a mansion of John of Gaunt. The church is very ancient and very capacious. What tales these churches do tell upon us! What fools, what lazy dogs, what presumptuous asses, what lying braggarts, they make us appear! No people here, *mon, teel the Scots cam to seevelize us!* Impudent, lying beggars! Their stinking *kelts* ought to be taken up, and the brazen and insolent vagabonds whipped back to their heaths and their rocks. Let them go and thrive by their "cash-credits," and let their paper-money poet, Walter Scott, immortalise their deeds.

Bughclere, October 8th, Sunday. It rained steadily this morning, or else, at the end of these six days of hunting for George, and two for me, we should have set off. The rain gives me time to give an account of Mr. Budd's crop of Tullian Wheat. It was sown in rows, and on ridges, with very wide intervals, ploughed all summer. If he reckon that ground only which the wheat grew upon, he had one hundred and thirty bushels to the acre, and even if he reckoned the whole of the ground, he had 28 bushels, all but two gallons to the acre! But, the best wheat he grew this year, was dibbled in, between rows of Swedish Turnips, in November, four rows upon a ridge, with an eighteen inch interval between each two rows, and a five feet interval between the outside rows on each ridge. It is the white cone that Mr. Budd sows. He had ears with 130 grains in each. This would be the farming for labourers in their little plots. They might grow thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and have crops of cabbages, in the intervals, at the same time; or, of potatoes, if they liked them better.

Before my arrival here, Mr. Budd had seen my description of the state of the labourers in Wiltshire, and had, in consequence, written to my son James (not knowing where I was) as follows. "In order to see how the labourers are now *screwed down*, look at the following facts: Arthur Young, in 1771 (55 years ago) allowed for a man, his wife and three children 13s. 1d. a week, according to present money-prices. By the Berkshire Magistrates' table, made in 1795, the allowance was, for such family, according to the present money-prices, 11s. 4d. Now it is, according to the same standard, 8s. According to your father's proposal, the sum would be (supposing there to be no malt tax) 18s. a week, and little enough too." Is not that enough to convince any one of the hellishness of this system! Yet Sir Glory applauds it. Is it not horrible to contemplate millions in this half-starving

state, and, is it not the duty of "England's Glory," who has said that his estate is "a *retaining fee* for defending the rights of the people", is it not his duty to stay in England and endeavour to restore the people, the millions, to what their fathers were, instead of going abroad; selling off his carriage horses, and going abroad, there to spend some part, at least, of the fruits of English labour? I do not say, that he has *no right*, generally speaking, to go and spend his money abroad but, I do say, that having got himself elected for such a city as Westminster, he had no right, at a time like this, to be absent from Parliament. However, what cares he! His "*retaining fee*" indeed! He takes special care to augment that fee, but, I challenge all his shoelickers, all the base worshippers of twenty thousand acres, to show me one single thing, that he has ever done, or within the last twelve years, attempted to do for his *clients*. In short, this is a man that must now be brought to book; he must not be suffered to insult Westminster any longer he must turn to or turn out he is a sore to Westminster, a set-fast on its back, a cholic in its belly, a cramp in its limbs, a gag in its mouth he is a nuisance, a monstrous nuisance, in Westminster, and he must be abated.

QUEEN VICTORIA

1819-1901

LEAVES from the Journals which Queen Victoria kept during her visits to the Highlands of Scotland were published in 1868. There was no thought of publication when written. They were intended merely as an aid to memory, to enable her to recall happy days. The light of simple human happiness shines on every page. Her Majesty meant to enjoy herself and did. The scenery, which she tries so hard to describe, the attention of her hosts, the enthusiasm of the crowds, everything she saw and did, gave her pleasure, and most of all the companionship of her beloved husband, Prince Albert. She was twenty-three when she went north for the first time, travelling from London by sea, landing at Leith, and penetrating into the Highlands as far as Loch Tay. The following extract is from her record of that excursion.

1842, *Dalkeith House, September 2nd, Friday.* At breakfast I tasted the oatmeal porridge, which I think very good, and also some of the "Finnan haddies." We then walked out. The pleasure-grounds seem very extensive and beautiful, wild and hilly. We walked down along the stream (the river Esk), up a steep bank to a little cottage, and came home by the upper part of the walk. At four o'clock we drove out with the Duchess o

Buccleuch and the Duchess of Norfolk—the Duke and equerries riding—the others in another carriage. We drove through Dalkeith, which was full of people, all running and cheering.

Albert says that many of the people look like Germans. The old women with that kind of cap which they call a "mutch," and the young girls and children with flowing hair, and many of them pretty, are very picturesque, you hardly see any women with bonnets.

Such a thick "Scotch mist" came on that we were obliged to drive home through the village of Lasswade, and through Lord Melville's Park, which is very fine.

September 3rd, Saturday. At ten o'clock we set off—we two in the barouche—all the others following, for Edinburgh. We drove in under Arthur's Seat, where the crowd began to be very great, and here the Guard of Royal Archers met us, Lord Elcho walking near me, and the Duke of Roxburgh and Sir J. Hope on Albert's side. We passed by Holyrood Chapel, which is very old and full of interest, and Holyrood Palace, a royal-looking old place. The procession moved through the Old Town up the High Street, which is a most extraordinary street from the immense height of the houses, most of them being eleven stories high, and different families living in each story. Every window was crammed full of people.

They showed us Knox's House, a curious old building, as is also the Regent Murray's House, which is in perfect preservation. In the Old Town the High Church, and St. Paul's in the New Town, are very fine buildings. At the barrier, the Provost presented us with the keys.

The girls of the Orphan Asylum and the Trades, in old costumes, were on a platform. Further on was the New Church, to which—strange to say, as the church is nearly finished—they were going to lay the foundation stone. We at length reached the Castle, to the top of which we walked.

The view from both batteries is splendid, like a panorama in extent. We saw from them Heriot's Hospital, a beautiful old building, built, in the time of James, by a jeweller, whom Sir Walter Scott has made famous in his *Fortunes of Nigel*. After this, we got again into the carriages and proceeded in the same way as before, the pressure of the crowd being really quite alarming, and both I and Albert were quite terrified for the Archers Guard, who had very hard work of it, but were of the greatest use. They all carry a bow in one hand, and have their arrows stuck through their belts.

Unfortunately, as soon as we were out of Edinburgh, it began

to rain, and continued raining the whole afternoon without interruption. We reached Dalmeny, Lord Roseberry's, at two o'clock. The park is beautiful, with the trees growing down to the sea. It commands a very fine view of the Forth, the Isle of May, the Bass Rock, and of Edinburgh; but the mist rendered it almost impossible to see anything. The grounds are very extensive, being hill and dale and wood. The house is quite modern, Lord Roseberry built it, and it is very pretty and comfortable. We lunched there. The Roseberrys were all civility and attention. We left them about half-past three, and proceeded home through Leith.

The view of Edinburgh from the road before you enter Leith is quite enchanting, it is, as Albert said, "fairy-like," and what you would only imagine as a thing to dream of, or to see in a picture. There was that beautiful large town, all of stone (no mingled colours of brick to mar it), with the bold Castle on one side, and the Calton Hill on the other, with those high sharp hills of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, towering above all, and making the finest, boldest background imaginable. Albert said he felt sure the Acropolis could not be finer; and I hear they sometimes call Edinburgh "the modern Athens." The Archers Guard met us again at Leith, which is not a pretty town.

The people were most enthusiastic, and the crowd very great. The Porters all mounted, with curious Scotch caps, and their horses decorated with flowers, had a very singular effect, but the fishwomen are the most striking-looking people, and are generally young and pretty women—very clean and very Dutch-looking, with their white caps and bright-coloured petticoats. They never marry out of their class.

At six we returned well tired.

September 4th, Sunday We walked to see the new garden which is being made, and saw Mackintosh there, who was formerly gardener at Claremont. The view of Dalkeith (the village, or rather town) from thence is extremely picturesque, and Albert says very German-looking. We returned over a rough sort of bridge, made only of planks, which crosses the Esk, and which, with the wooded banks on each side, is excessively pretty. Received from Lady Lyttelton good accounts of our little children. At twelve o'clock there were prayers in the house, read by Mr Ramsay, who also preached.

At half-past four the Duchess drove me out in her own phaeton, with a very pretty pair of chestnut ponies, Albert riding with the Duke and Colonel Bouverie. We drove through parts of the park, through an old wood, and along the banks of the

South Esk and the North Esk, which meet at a point from which there is such a beautiful view of the Pentland Hills. Then we drove, by a private road, to Newbattle, Lord Lothian's place. The park is very fine, and the house seems large, we got out to look at a most magnificent beech-tree. The South Esk runs close before the house, by a richly wooded bank.

From thence we went to Dalhousie, Lord Dalhousie's. The house is a real old Scotch castle, of reddish stone. We got out for a moment, and the Dalhousies showed us the drawing-room. From the window you see a beautiful wooded valley, and a peep of the distant hills.

Lord Dalhousie said there had been no British sovereign there since Henry IV. We drove home by the same way that we came. The evening was—as the whole day had been—clear, bright, and frosty, and the Moorfoot Hills (another range) looked beautiful as we were returning. It was past seven when we got home.

September 5th, Monday. I held a Drawing-room at Dalkeith to-day, in the gallery. The Ministers and Scotch Officers of State were in the room, and the Royal Archers were in attendance in the room and outside of it, like the Gentlemen at Arms in London. Before the Drawing-room I received three addresses—from the Lord Provost and Magistrates, from the Scotch Church, and from the Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Edinburgh—to which I read answers. Albert received his just after I did mine, and read his answers beautifully.

September 6th, Tuesday. At nine o'clock we left Dalkeith as we came. It was a bright, clear, cold, frosty morning. As we drove along we saw the Pentlands, which looked beautiful, as did also Arthur's Seat, which we passed quite close by. The Salisbury Crags, too, are very high, bold, and sharp. Before this we saw Craigmillar. We passed through a back part of the town (which is most solidly built), close by Heriot's Hospital, and had a very fine view of the Castle.

I forgot to say that, when we visited the Castle, we saw the Regalia, which are very old and curious (they were lost for one hundred years); also the room in which James VI of Scotland and the First of England was born—such a very, very small room, with an old prayer written on the wall. We had a beautiful view of Edinburgh and the Forth. At Craigmillar (only a half-way house, nine miles) we changed horses. The Duke rode with us all the way as Lord Lieutenant of the county, until we arrived at Dalmeny, where Lord Hopetoun met us and rode with us. At eleven we reached the South Queensferry, where we got out

of our carriage and embarked in a little steamer, the ladies and gentlemen and our carriages going in another. We went a little way up the Forth, to see Hopetoun House, Lord Hopetoun's, which is beautifully situated between Hopetoun and Dalmeny. We also saw Dundas Castle, belonging to Dundas of Dundas, and further on, beyond Hopetoun, Blackness Castle, famous in history. On the opposite side you see a square tower, close to the water, called Rosyth, where Oliver Cromwell's mother was said to have been born, and in the distance Dunfermline, where Robert Bruce is buried. We passed close by a very pretty island in the Forth, with an old castle on it, called Inchgarvie, and we could see the Forth winding beautifully, and had a distant glimpse of Edinburgh and its fine Castle. We landed safely on the other side at North Queensferry, and got into our carriages. Captain Wemyss, elder brother to General Wemyss, rode with us all the way beyond Cowdenbeath (eight miles). The first village we passed through on leaving the Queensferry was Inverkeithing. We passed by Sir P. Durham's property.

We changed horses at Cowdenbeath. At a quarter past one we entered Kinross-shire. Soon after, the country grew prettier, and the hills appeared again, partly wooded. We passed Loch Leven, and saw the castle on the lake from which poor Queen Mary escaped. There the country is rather flat, and the hills are only on one side. We changed horses next at Kinross. Soon after this, the mountains, which are rather barren, began to appear. Then we passed the valley of Glen Farg, the hills are very high on each side, and completely wooded down to the bottom of the valley, where a small stream runs on one side of the road—it is really lovely.

On leaving this valley you come upon a beautiful view of Strathearn and Moncrieffe Hill. We were then in Perthshire. We changed horses next at the Bridge of Earn (12 miles). At half-past three we reached Dupplin, Lord Kinnoull's. All the time the views of the hills, and dales, and streams were lovely. The last part of the road very bad travelling, up and down hill. Dupplin is a very fine modern house, with a very pretty view of the hills on one side, and a small waterfall close in front of the house. A battalion of the 42nd Highlanders was drawn up before the house, and the men looked very handsome in their kilts. We each received an address from the nobility and gentry of the county, read by Lord Kinnoull, and from the Provost and Magistrates of Perth. We then lunched. The Willoughbys, Kinnairds, Ruthvens, and Lord Mansfield, and one of his sisters, with others, were there. After luncheon, we walked a

little way in the grounds, and then at five o'clock we set off again. We very soon came upon Perth, the situation of which is quite lovely, it is on the Tay, with wooded hills skirting it entirely on one side, and hills are seen again in the distance, the river winding beautifully.

Albert was charmed, and said it put him in mind of the situation of Basle. The town itself (which is very pretty) was immensely crowded, and the people very enthusiastic, triumphal arches had been erected in various places. The Provost presented me with the keys, and Albert with the freedom of the city. Two miles beyond is Scone (Lord Mansfield's), a fine-looking house of reddish stone.

Lord Mansfield and the Dowager Lady Mansfield received us at the door, and took us to our rooms, which were very nice.

LORD BYRON

1788-1824

BYRON'S ancestors were a queer lot. If Tom Moore is to be trusted there were some better spirits among them, but absurd eccentricities, roving passions, and a strong disposition to flout the world's opinion, were characteristic of too many of his father's race. His mother was a foolish, ill-balanced hysterical woman, and very selfish. When at the age of ten he succeeded his grand-uncle as Lord Byron of Newstead, and became for the rest of his minority a ward of Chancery, the guardian appointed by the court was reluctant to assume the responsibility and became more and more perfunctory in the discharge of the duties thrust upon him. Thus, in the poet's case neither heredity nor environment was favourable to the emergence of a character strong and self-controlled. Little wonder that his life was short and in the retrospect a sad one. He was not without his good points of course. He was inordinately proud, but he was also inordinately generous. He was vain of his rank and title, but he was also profoundly sympathetic with the spirit of revolution which was stalking through the Europe of his day. He professed to scorn his public and he turned savagely on his critics, but he was loyal in his friendships and won the devoted attachment of many loyal friends. For three short periods of his life he kept a diary. The earliest period, November 1813—April 1814, reflects his career as a lion in London society; the later periods in 1816 and 1821 give us glimpses of him in Switzerland and Italy after he had left England for good. His entries were not made every day; they were often of quite unusual length. Moore embodies such of them as he thought fit in his biography, excusing his suppressions, probably reasonably enough, by saying of the diary as a whole that "employed chiefly about persons still living and occurrences still recent, it would be impossible to submit it to the public eye without the omission of some portion of its contents, and unluckily, too, of that very portion which, from its reference to the secret pursuits and feelings of the

writer, would the most likely pique and gratify the curiosity of the reader." In the following extract some of the facets of Byron's many-sided character are clearly displayed, his shyness, his impulsiveness, his essential warm-heartedness, and that quality, so outstanding in much of his poetry, which he himself describes as "mobility" of mind

1814, *February 18th* Better than a month since I last journalised: most of it out of London and at Notts, but a busy one and a pleasant, at least three weeks of it. On my return, I and all the newspapers in hysterics, and town in an uproar, on the avowal and republication of two stanzas on Princess Charlotte's weeping at Regency's speech to Lauderdale in 1812. They are daily at it still, some of the abuse good, all of it hearty. They talk of a motion in our house upon it—be it so.

Got up—read the *Morning Post*, containing the battle of Buonaparte, the destruction of the Custom-house, and a paragraph on me, as long as my pedigree, and vituperative as usual

Hobhouse is returned to England. He is my best friend, the most lively, and a man of the most sterling talents extant.

The Corsair has been conceived, written, published, etc., since I last took up this journal. They tell me it has great success;—it was written *con amore*, and much from *existence*. Murray is satisfied with its progress; and if the public are equally so with the perusal, there's an end of the matter

Nine o'clock. Been to Hanson's on business. Saw Rogers, and had a note from Lady Melbourne, who says, it is said I am "much out of spirits." I wonder if I really am or not? I have certainly enough of "that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart," and it is better they should believe it to be the result of these attacks, than of the real cause; but—ay, ay, always *but*, to the end of the chapter.

Hobhouse has told me ten thousand anecdotes of Napoleon, all good and true. My friend H. is the most entertaining of companions, and a fine fellow to boot.

Read a little—wrote notes and letters, and am alone, which Locke says is bad company. "Be not solitary, be not idle." Um!—the idleness is troublesome, but I can't see so much to regret in the solitude. The more I see of men, the less I like them. If I could but say so of women too, all would be well. Why can't I? I am now six-and-twenty, my passions have had enough to cool them, my affections more than enough to wither them—and yet—and yet—always *yet* and *but*—"Excellent well, you are a fishmonger—get thee to a nunnery."—"They fool me to the top of my bent."

Midnight. Began a letter, which I threw into the fire. Read—

but to little purpose. Did not visit Hobhouse, as I promised and ought. No matter, the loss is mine. Smoked cigars.

Napoleon!—this week will decide his fate. All seems against him, but I believe and hope he will win—at least, beat back the invaders. What right have we to prescribe sovereigns to France! Oh for a Republic! “Brutus thou sleepest” Hobhouse abounds in continental anecdotes of this extraordinary man, all in favour of his intellect and courage, but against his *bonhomie*. No wonder,—how should he, who knows mankind well, do other than despise and abhor them? The greater the equality, the more impartially evil is distributed, and becomes lighter by the division among so many—therefore, a Republic!

More notes from Madame de Staël unanswered—and so they shall remain. I admire her abilities, but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry.

Shall I go to Mackintosh's on Tuesday? um! I did not go to Marquis Lansdowne's, nor to Miss Berry's, though both are pleasant. So is Sir James's—but I don't know—I believe one is not the better for parties, at least, unless some *regnante* is there.

I wonder how the deuce anybody could make such a world; for what purpose dandies, for instance, were ordained—and kings—and fellows of colleges—and women of “a certain age”—and many men of any age—and myself, most of all!

Is there anything beyond? *who* knows? *He* that can't tell. Who tells that there *is*? He who don't know. And when shall he know? perhaps, when he don't expect, and generally when he don't wish it. In this last respect, however, all are not alike. It depends a good deal upon education, something upon nerves and habits, but most upon digestion.

February 19th, Saturday. Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard. By Jove, he is a soul! Life—nature—truth without exaggeration or diminution. Kemble's Hamlet is perfect; but Hamlet is not Nature. Richard is a man, and Kean is Richard. Now to my own concerns. Went to Waite's. Teeth are all right and white, but he says that I grind them in my sleep and chip the edges. That same sleep is no friend of mine, though I court him sometimes for half the twenty-four.

February 20th. Got up and tore out two leaves of this Journal—I don't know why. Hodgson just called and gone. He has much *bonhomie* with his other good qualities, and more talent than he has yet had credit for beyond his circle.

An invitation to dine at Holland House to meet Kean. He is worth meeting; and I hope, by getting into good society, he will

be prevented from falling like Cooke. He is greater now on the stage, and off he should never be less. There is a stupid and underiating criticism upon him in one of the newspapers. I thought that, last night, though great, he rather under-acted more than the first time. This may be the effect of these cavils, but I hope he has more sense than to mind them. He cannot expect to maintain his present eminence, or to advance still higher, without the envy of his green-room fellows, and the nibbling of their admirers. But, if he don't beat them all, why then—merit hath no purchase in "these costermonger days."

I wish that I had a talent for the drama, I would write a tragedy *now*. But no, it is gone. Hodgson talks of one—he will do it well—and I think M——e should try. He has wonderful powers, and much variety, besides, he has lived and felt. To write so as to bring home to the heart, the heart must have been tried; but, perhaps, ceased to be so. While you are under the influence of passions, you only feel, but cannot describe them, any more than, when in action, you could turn round and tell the story to your next neighbour! When all is over—all, all, and irrevocable—trust to memory, she is then but too faithful.

Went out, and answered some letters, yawned now and then, and read the *Robbers*. Fine—but *Fiesco* is better, and Alfieri and Monti's *Aristodemo* best. They are more equal than the Tedeschi dramatists. Answered—or rather acknowledged—the receipt of young Reynolds' poem "Safie." The lad is clever, but much of his thoughts are borrowed—*whence*, the Reviewers may find out. I hate discouraging a young one, and I think—though wild and more oriental than he would be, had he seen the scenes where he has placed his tale—that he has much talent, and, certainly, fire enough. Received a very singular epistle, and the mode of its conveyance, through Lord H's hands, as curious as the letter itself. But it was gratifying and pretty.

February 27th, Sunday Here I am, alone, instead of dining at Lord H's, where I was asked; but not inclined to go anywhere. Hobhouse says I am growing a *loup garou*—a solitary hobgoblin. True "I am myself alone." The last week has been passed in reading—seeing plays—now and then visitors—sometimes yawning, sometimes sighing, but no writing—save of letters. If I could always read, I should never feel the want of society. Do I regret it?—um!—"Man delights not me," and only one woman—at a time.

There is something to me very softening in the presence of a woman—some strange influence, even if one is not in love with them—which I cannot at all account for, having no very high

opinion of the sex But yet, I always feel in better humour with myself and everything else, if there is a woman within ken Even Mrs Mule, my fire-lighter—the most ancient and withered of her kind, and (except to myself) not the best-tempered—always makes me laugh—no difficult task when I am “i’ the vein.”

Heigho! I would I were in mine island! I am not well; and yet I look in good health At times, I fear, “I am not in my perfect mind”, and yet my heart and head have stood many a crash, and what should ail them now? They prey upon themselves, and I am sick—sick—“Prithce, undo this button—why should a cat, a rat, a dog have life, and *thou* no life at all?” Six-and-twenty years, as they call them, why, I might and should have been a Pasha by this time. “I ’gin to be a-weary of the sun.” Buonaparte is not yet beaten, but has rebutted Blucher, and repiqued Schwartzburg This it is to have a head. If he again wins, *Væ victis!*

March 6th, Sunday. On Tuesday last dined with Rogers—Madame de Stael, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine, and Payne Knight, Lady Donegal, and Miss R. there. Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Madame de Recamier’s handkerchief; Erskine a few stories of himself only. *She* is going to write a big book about England, she says, I believe her. Asked by her how I liked Miss —’s thing, called —, and answered (very sincerely) that I thought it very bad for *her*, and worse than any of the others. Afterwards thought it possible Lady Donegal, being Irish, might be a patroness of —, and was rather sorry for my opinion, as I hate putting people into fusses, either with themselves or their favourites; it looks as if one did it on purpose. The party went off very well, and the fish was very much to my gusto But we got up too soon after the women; and Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner that we wish her in—the drawing-room.

To-day C. called, and while sitting here in came Merivale. During our colloquy C. (ignorant that Merivale was the writer) abused the “mawkishness of the *Quarterly Review* of Grimm’s Correspondence” I (knowing the secret) changed the conversation as soon as I could, and C. went away, quite convinced of having made the most favourable impression of his new acquaintance. Merivale is luckily a very good-natured fellow, or, God he knows what might have been engendered from such a malaprop. I did not look at him while this was going on, but I felt like a coal—for I like Merivale, as well as the article in question.

Asked to Lady Keith’s to-morrow evening—I think I will go;

but it is the first party invitation I have accepted this "season," as the learned Fletcher called it, when the youngest brat of Lady ——'s cut my eye and cheek open with a misdirected pebble—"Never mind, my Lord, the scar will be gone before the season", as if one's eye was of no importance in the meantime.

Lord Erskine called, and gave me his famous pamphlet, with a marginal note and corrections in his handwriting. Sent it to be bound superbly, and shall treasure it. Sent my fine print of Napoleon to be framed. It *is* framed, and the Emperor becomes his robes as if he had been hatched in them.

March 7th. Rose at seven—ready by half-past eight—went to Mr. Hanson's, Berkeley Square—went to church with his eldest daughter, Mary Anne (a good girl), and gave her away to the Earl of Portsmouth. Saw her fairly a countess—congratulated the family and groom (bride)—drank a bumper of wine (wholesome sherris) to their felicity, and all that—and came home. Asked to stay to dinner, but could not. At three sat to Phillips for faces. Called on Lady M—I like her so well, that I always stay too long. (Mem. to mend of that.)

Passed the evening with Hobhouse, who has begun a poem, which promises highly; wish he would go on with it. Heard some curious extracts from a life of Morosini, the blundering Venetian, who blew up the Acropolis at Athens with a bomb, and be d——d to him! Waxed sleepy—just come home—must go to bed, and am engaged to meet Sheridan to-morrow at Rogers's.

Queer ceremony that same of marriage—saw many abroad, Greek and Catholic—one, at *home*, many years ago. There be some strange phrases in the prologue (the exhortation), which made me turn away, not to laugh in the face of the surpliseman. Made one blunder, when I joined the hands of the happy—rammed their left hands, by mistake, into one another. Corrected it—bustled back to the altar-rail, and said "Amen." Portsmouth responded as if he had got the whole by heart; and, if anything, was rather before the priest. It is now midnight and ——

March 10th, Thor's Day. On Tuesday dined with Rogers,—Mackintosh, Sheridan, Sharpe—much talk, and good—all, except my own little prattlement. Much of old time—Horne Tooke—the Trials—evidence of Sheridan, and anecdotes of those times, when I, alas! was an infant. If I had been a man, I would have made an English Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Set down Sheridan at Brooke's—where, by the by, he could not have well set down himself, as he and I were the only drinkers. Sherry means to stand for Westminster, as Cochrane (the stock-

jobbing hoaxer) must vacate Brougham is a candidate. I fear for poor dear Sherry. Both have talents of the highest order, but the youngster has *yet* a character. We shall see, if he lives to Sherry's age, how he will pass over the red-hot ploughshares of public life. I don't know why, but I hate to see the *old* ones lose, particularly Sheridan, notwithstanding all his *méchanceté*.

Received many, and the kindest thanks from Lady Portsmouth, *père* and *mère*, for my match-making. I don't regret it, as she looks the countess well, and is a very good girl. It is odd how well she carries her new honours. She looks a different woman, and high-bred too. I had no idea that I could make so good a peeress. Went to the play with Hobhouse. Mrs. Jordan superlative in Hoyden, and Jones well enough in Foppington. *What plays!* what wit!—*hélas!* Congreve and Vanburgh are your only comedy. Our society is too insipid now for the like copy. Would *not* go to Lady Keith's. Hobhouse thought it odd. I wonder *he* should like parties. If one is in love, and wants to break a commandment, and covet any thing that is there, they do very well. But to go out amongst the mere herd, without a motive, pleasure, or pursuit —'s death! "I'll none of it." He told me an odd report—that *I* am the actual Conrad, the veritable Corsair, and that part of my travels are supposed to have passed in privacy. Um!—people sometimes hit near the truth, but never the whole truth. H. don't know what I was about the year after he left the Levant, nor does any one—nor—nor—nor—however, it is a lie—but, "I doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth!"

BENJAMIN NEWTON

1761–1830

BENJAMIN NEWTON was rector of the Yorkshire parish of Wath from 1814 till his death. His diary covers only the years 1816 to 1818. His was a vivid personality, cultured, energetic, of manifold interests. He took his place in the social life of the neighbourhood and his share in public affairs, on the magistrate's bench and elsewhere. While not neglecting his parochial duties he entertained and was entertained, followed the round of sport, fishing, shooting, coursing, hunting, each in its season, farmed his glebe, attended balls and races, and somehow managed to read a good many books. His comments on the men and women of his acquaintance, their sayings and doings, were shrewd but tolerant. His sense of humour was quick, and he had a ready ear for a good story. No doubt he was a popular figure in his own circle.

1816, *September 13th*. Rode through a most beautiful country to Otley. The roads in many places for a mile or two scarcely

passable, the first four miles from Rochdale excessively bad, two miles in the middle between Halifax and Bradford very bad, a mile down to the bridge over the Aire between Bradford and Otley, these parts are the worst, but it is a matter of great surprise that the whole of the road should be in such indifferent repair and some execrably bad through the whole of this manufacturing district, that the whole and sole cause where the road is not pitched is the not letting the water off or breaking the stones and that the whole distance from Congleton to Otley, there were not 20 persons employed in either of these occupations, notwithstanding they tell you half the people are out of employ and every three miles at furthest there is a shilling turnpike for a chaise and pair. The environs of Rochdale, Ripponden, Halifax, Bradford, the bridge over the Aire and Otley are beautiful in the extreme and were it not for the reflection that the greatness of Great Britain depended I may say principally on the defacing of the hand of nature in these parts by the hand of man, which produces not only riches in every way from exportation and taxation at home and raises in time of war an innumerable population which is seen over the whole district for the armies, one could not help regretting that scenes so romantic and lovely should be impaired and destroyed by the black steam engines, by the yarn, the cloth, the cotton, the morals of the people destroyed by being crowded together and the hammers of the water engines perpetually affrighting quiet and comfort from valleys which at first view one would imagine were placed by nature in the most remote and sequestered situations for the peculiar residence of innocence and peace. The seats or rather the villas of the manufacturers like the citizens in the neighbourhood of London have neatness to recommend them but scarcely any character through the whole district that distinguishes one very much from another.

1817, *October 16th* Began wheat sowing and got in all my beans which finished my harvest

October 17th Dined at Hollin Hall, met Mr. and Mrs. Faber, Mr. Powell Guise, Mr. Bernard Gilpin. On my complaining of the toothache Mr. Faber (the writer on Prophecy) said he heard the toothache accounted for in the following manner by a friend of his and he gave the account as if he believed it. He said that certain minute epemeræ of the butterfly species flying about are accidentally taken into the mouth and that they then make a nidus in a rotten tooth where they deposit their eggs which in process of time are hatched and produce minute grubs which

immediately begin feeding on the nerves of the tooth and cause the intolerable pain which is experienced and that the remedy applied by his friend was to procure the seeds of henbane, make them very dry and then set them on fire under a tin funnel, the small end of which is to be directed so that the smoke may issue against the offending tooth which will immediately kill the grubs, and that the friend had ejected several in the saliva after the operation and seen them very distinctly with a lens

October 18th Finished sowing the Clover Lay with the wheat Received a letter from Sir B. Graham, very different from what I expected

October 19th Did duty morning and evening Baptised a child and churched a woman Called to enquire after Mr. Pearson of Melmerby who I heard had a paralytic stroke on Friday which seemed to settle in his leg and cause violent pain which still continued Gave H Fendall a Variorum Plautus.

October 20th. Ripon Book Club, Dr. Whaley, the Dean, Dr Harrison, Allanson, Williamson, Oxley, B. N Received the first new half sovereigns at Coates'. Lent T P. £40, promised to be returned on Saturday

October 21st. Mrs. Commeline, Lord H Kerr, and Miss Compson left Wath at 9 and went towards Redmarley. Spoke to Coates about making housekeepers filiate children they have by their masters and he said there could not be a doubt about Justices having the power and indeed being obliged to do it at the request of the overseer of the parish likely to be burthened

October 22nd Bedale Club Present Dr Scott, a new member, late chaplain to Lord Nelson who died aboard the *Victory* in his arms He appears a gentlemanly man who has seen much of the world but seems to have an idea he is sent here to inform the natives. Dr Dodsworth, who ate an enormous dinner for an octogenarian.

1818, *September 24th.* Went shooting, blank day.

September 25th Killed a partridge and J. F a brace of hares. A letter from J. F. N, his wife obliged to go to Calais instead of Boulogne The keeper of the Thornbrough Turnpike came about the man's passing through with water, I told him as I told Mr. Bames, the water was his own, on which he replied "Yes, but he sold it " That, said I, is exactly the reason I determine he is not to pay The water was his own and the act excuses all the persons of Thornbrough who carry their own property thro' the Bar. If they hire out their cart to carry what belongs to other people they are liable. Received invitations to dine

of the measures which have been adopted, and strenuously insisting that the town is in a more healthy state than usual and that the disease is no more than what it always is visited with every year at this season. In the meantime all preparations are going on in London, just as if the disorder was actually on its way to the metropolis. We have a Board at the Council Office, between which and the Board at the College some civilities have passed, and the latter is now ready to yield up its functions to the former, which, however, will not be regularly constituted without much difficulty and many jealousies, all owing to official carelessness and mismanagement. The Board has been diligently employed in drawing up suggestions and instructions to local boards and parochial authorities, and great activity has prevailed here in establishing committees for the purpose of visiting the different districts of the metropolis, and making such arrangements as may be necessary in the event of sickness breaking out. There is no lack of money or labour for this end, and one great good will be accomplished let what will happen, for much of the filth and misery of the town will be brought to light, and the condition of the poorer and more wretched of the inhabitants can hardly fail to be ameliorated. The reports from Sunderland exhibit a state of human misery, and necessarily of moral degradation, such as I hardly ever heard of, and it is no wonder, when a great part of the community is plunged into such a condition (and we may fairly suppose that there is a gradually mounting scale, with every degree of wretchedness, up to the wealth and splendour which glitter on the surface of society), that there should be so many who are ripe for any desperate scheme of revolution. At Sunderland they say there are houses with 150 inmates, who are huddled five and six in a bed. They are in the lowest state of poverty. The sick in these receptacles are attended by an apothecary's boy, who brings them (or I suppose tosses them) medicines without distinction or enquiry.

Panshanger, 1832, January 13th. Returned here yesterday; found Melbourne, Lamb, the Lievens, the Haddingtons, Luttrell, the Ashleys, John Ashley, and Irby. While I was at Gorhambury I determined to write to Wharnccliffe and urge him to speak to the King, and accordingly I did so. I received a letter from him saying that De Ros had already spoken to him, that he had had a conversation with Sir Herbert Taylor, which he had desired him to repeat to the King and to Lord Grey, that he had intended to leave the matter there, but in consequence of my letter he should ask for an audience. This morning I have heard again

from him. He saw the King, and was with him an hour; put his Majesty in possession of his sentiments, and told him there would be no necessity for creating Peers if the Government would be conciliatory and moderate in the Committee of the House of Commons, he promised to tell me the particulars of this interview when we meet.

Last night Frederick Lamb told me that Lord Grey had sent word to Melbourne of what Wharnccliffe had said to Sir Herbert Taylor, and Lord Grey assumed the tenour of Wharnccliffe's language to have been merely advice to the King not to make Peers, whereas all I suggested to him was to explain to the King that the creation was not necessary for the reasons which have been assigned to his Majesty by his Ministers, viz the intention of all who voted against the second reading last year to vote against it this. In the meantime the dispute has been going on in the Cabinet, time has been gained, and several incidents have made a sort of cumulative impression. There is a petition to the King, got up by Lord Verulam and Lord Salisbury, which is in fact a moderate Reform manifesto. It has been numerously signed, and Verulam is going to Brighton to present it. I have been labouring to persuade him to make up his mind to vote for the second reading, and to tell the King that such is his intention, which he has promised me he will. When I had obtained this promise from him I wrote word to Lady Cowper, telling her at the same time that Lord Harris (I had heard) would vote for the second reading, and this letter she imparted to Melbourne, who stated the fact in the Cabinet, where it made a considerable impression. All such circumstances serve to supply arms to the moderate party.

This morning Melbourne went up to another Cabinet, armed with another fact with which I supplied him. Lord Craven declared at his own table that if the Government made Peers *he would not vote with them*, and if he was sent for he should reply that as they could create Peers so easily they might do without him. All such circumstances as these, I find, are considered of great importance, and are made available for the purpose of fighting the battle in the Cabinet. As to Lord Grey, it is exceedingly difficult to understand his real sentiments, and to reconcile his present conduct with the general tenour of his former professions; that he *was* averse to the adoption of so violent a measure I have no doubt—his pride and aristocratic principles would naturally make him so—but he is easily governed, constantly yielding to violence and intimidation, and it is not unlikely that the pertinacity of those about him, the interests of his

party, and the prolongation of his power may induce him to sacrifice his natural feelings and opinions. It is very probable that, although he may have allowed himself to be at the head of those who are for the creation, he may have such misgivings and scruples as may prevent his carrying that point with the high hand and in the summary way which he might do.

January 15th. This morning Frederick Lamb showed me a letter he had got from Melbourne to this effect: "that they had resolved to make no Peers at all at present; that to make a few would be regarded as a menace, and be as bad as if they made a great many; but that as many as would be necessary to carry the Bill would be made, if it was eventually found that it must be so"; he added "it only remained for people to come forward and declare their intention of supporting the second reading." This is certainly a great victory; and I do believe mainly attributable to our exertions, to the spirit we have infused into Melbourne himself, and the use we have made of Wharncliffe and Verulam, and the different little circumstances we have brought to bear upon the discussion. What now remains is the most difficult, but I shall do all I can to engage Peers to take a moderate determination and to declare it. Lamb told me that the King has an aversion to making *a few* Peers, that he has said he would rather make twenty-five than five, that whatever he must make he should like to make at once, and not to have to return to it. Anyhow, time is gained, and a victory for the moment.

London, January 20th. Came up on Monday last. I have been changing my house, and so occupied that I have not had time to write. Wharncliffe came to town on Wednesday, and came straight to my office to give me an account of his interview with the King, in which it appears as if he had said much about what he ought, and no more. He told his Majesty that the reports which had been circulated as to the disposition and intentions of himself and his friends, and the argument for the necessity of making Peers, which he understood to have been founded on these reports, had compelled him to ask for this audience, that he wished to explain to his Majesty that he (Lord Wharncliffe) had no intention of opposing the second reading of the Reform Bill as he had done before, that he had reason to believe that many others would adopt the same course, and if Ministers showed a moderate and conciliatory disposition in the House of Commons, he was persuaded they would have no difficulty in carrying the second reading in the House of Lords. He then implored the King well to consider the consequences of such a *coup d'état* as this creation of Peers would be; to look at what

had happened in France, and to bear in mind that if this was done for one purpose, and by one Government, the necessity would infallibly arise of repeating it again by others, or for other objects. The King was extremely kind, heard him with great patience, and paid him many compliments, and when he took leave told him that he was extremely glad to have had this conversation with him. Sir Herbert Taylor gave Lord Wharncliffe to understand that he had made an impression, only impressions on the mind of the King are impressions on sand. However, from Taylor's cautious hints to him to persevere, it is likely that he did do good. He is himself persuaded that his audience principally produced the delay in the creation of Peers.

In the meantime he was not idle at Brighton. Lord Ailesbury, who saw the King, consulted Wharncliffe, and agreed at last to tell the King that his sentiments were the same as those which Lord Wharncliffe had expressed to him, and Lord Kinnoull and Lord Gage have promised him their proxies.

Yesterday morning he came to me again, very desponding. He had found Harrowby in a state of despair, uncertain what he should do, and looking upon the game as lost, and he had been with the Duke of Wellington, who is impracticably obstinate, declaring that nothing should prevent his opposing a Bill which he believed in his conscience to be pregnant with certain ruin to the country; that he did not care to be a great man (he meant by this expression a man of great wealth and station), and that he could contentedly sink into any station that circumstances might let him down to, but he never would consent to be a party directly or indirectly to such a measure as this, and, feeling as he did, he was resolved to do his utmost to throw it out, without regard to consequences. Wharncliffe said he was quite in despair, for that he knew the Duke's great influence, and that if he and Harrowby endeavoured to form a party against his views, they had no chance of making one sufficiently strong to cope with him. He spoke with great and rather unusual modesty of himself, and of his inadequacy for this purpose; that Harrowby might do more, and would have greater influence, but that he was so undecided and so without heart and spirit that he would not bestir himself. However, he acknowledged that nothing else was left to be done.

In the evening went to Lady Harrowby's, where I found him and Lord Haddington. We stayed there till near two, after which Wharncliffe and I walked up and down Berkeley Square. He was in much better spirits, having had a long conversation with these two Lords, both of whom he said were now resolved to

sail along with him, and he contemplates a regular and declared separation from the Duke *upon this question*. In the morning he had seen Lyndhurst, who appeared very undecided, and (Wharncliffe was apprehensive) rather leaning towards the Duke, but I endeavoured to persuade him that Lyndhurst was quite sure to adopt upon consideration the line which appeared most conducive to his own interest and importance, that he had always a hankering after being well with Lord Grey and the Whigs, and I well remembered when the late Government was broken up he had expressed himself in very unmeasured terms about the Duke's blunders, and the impossibility of his ever again being Prime Minister; that with him consistency, character, and high feelings of honour and patriotism were secondary considerations, that he relied upon his great talents and his capacity to render himself necessary to an Administration, that it was not probable he would like to throw himself (even to please the Duke) into an opposition to the earnest desire which the great mass of the community felt to have the question settled, and that both for him and themselves much of the difficulty of separating themselves from the Duke might be avoided by the manner in which it was done. I entreated him to use towards the Duke every sort of frankness and candour, and to express regret at the necessity of taking a different line, together with an acknowledgment of the purity of the Duke's motives, and if this is done, and if other people are made to understand that they can separate from the Duke *on this occasion* without offending or quarrelling with him, or throwing off the allegiance to him as their political leader, many will be inclined to do so, besides, it is of vital importance, if they do get the Bill into Committee, to secure the concurrence of the Duke and his adherents in dealing with the details of it, which can only be effected by keeping him in good humour. On the whole the thing looks as well as such a thing can look

1848, *April 9th*. All London is making preparations to encounter a Chartist row to-morrow so much that it is either very sublime or very ridiculous. All the clerks and others in the different offices are ordered to be sworn in special constables, and to constitute themselves into garrisons. I went to the police office with all my clerks, messengers, etc., and we were all sworn. We are to pass the whole day at the office to-morrow, and I am to send down all my guns, in short, we are to take a warlike attitude. Colonel Harness, of the Railway Department, is our commander-in-chief; every gentleman in London is become a

constable, and there is an organisation of some sort in every district

Newmarket, April 13th Monday passed off with surprising quiet, and it was considered a most satisfactory demonstration on the part of the Government, and the peaceable and loyal part of the community. Enormous preparations were made, and a host of military, police, and special constables were ready if wanted; every gentleman in London was sworn, and during a great part of the day, while the police were reposing, they did duty. The Chartist movement was contemptible; but everybody rejoices that the defensive demonstration was made, for it has given a great and memorable lesson which will not be thrown away, either on the disaffected and mischievous, or the loyal and peaceful, and it will produce a vast effect in all foreign countries, and show how solid is the foundation on which we are resting. We have displayed a great resolution and a great strength, and given unmistakable proofs, that if sedition and rebellion hold up their heads in this country, they will be instantly met with the most vigorous resistance, and be put down by the hand of authority, and by the zealous co-operation of all classes of the people. The whole of the Chartist movement was to the last degree contemptible from first to last. The delegates who met on the eve of the day were full of valour amounting to desperation; they indignantly rejected the intimation of the Government that their procession would not be allowed, swore they would have it at all hazard, and die, if necessary, in asserting their rights. One man said he loved his life, his wife, his children, but would sacrifice all rather than give way.

In the morning (a very fine day) everybody was on the alert; the parks were closed, our office was fortified, a barricade of Council Registers was erected in the accessible room on the ground-floor, and all our guns were taken down to be used in defence of the building. However, at about twelve o'clock crowds came streaming along Whitehall, going northwards, and it was announced that all was over. The intended tragedy was rapidly changed into a ludicrous farce. The Chartists, about 20,000 in number, assembled on Kennington Common. Presently Mr. Mayne appeared on the ground, and sent one of his inspectors to say he wanted to speak to Feargus O'Connor. Feargus thought he was going to be arrested and was in a terrible fright; but he went to Mayne, who merely said he was desired to inform him that the meeting would not be interfered with, but the procession would not be allowed. Feargus insisted on shaking hands with Mayne, swore he was his best of friends, and instantly

harangued his rabble, advising them not to provoke a collision, and to go away quietly—advice they instantly obeyed, and with great alacrity and good-humour. Thus all evaporated in smoke, Feargus himself then repaired to the Home Office, saw Sir George Grey, and told him it was all over, and thanked the Government for their leniency, assured him the Convention would not have been so lenient if they had got the upper hand. Grey asked him if he was going back to the meeting. He said No; that he had had his toes trodden on till he was lame, and his pocket picked, and he would have no more to do with it. The petition was brought down piecemeal and presented in the afternoon. Since that there has been an exposure of the petition itself, covering the authors of it with ridicule and disgrace. It turns out to be signed by less than two millions, instead of by six as Feargus stated; and of those, there were no end of fictitious names, together with the insertion of every species of ribaldry, indecency, and impertinence. The Chartists are very crestfallen, and evidently conscious of the contemptible figure they cut, but they have endeavoured to bluster and lie as well as they can in their subsequent gatherings, and talk of other petitions and meetings, which nobody cares about.

London, April 15th. Every account from every quarter proves the wonderful effect produced by the event of Monday last. Normanby writes me word that it has astonished and disappointed the French more than they care to admit; and it has evidently had a great effect in Ireland, where Smith O'Brien is gone back in doleful dumps at his rebuff in Paris, and his reception in the House of Commons. Clarendon writes word that if there is any outbreak, which he now doubts, it will probably be after a great tea-party they were about to have on Smith O'Brien's return. The Government have gained some credit and some strength by this affair, as well as by their (at last) bringing fresh measures of a protective character into Parliament. The Conservatives are very angry with them for giving way on the clause about "words spoken," in the new Bill, and for consenting to make it temporary. Graham told me he had great doubts about that clause, but he would support whatever they proposed. It is certainly true that their concessions are not well managed, they do not come down and make them as if on mature consideration; but they suffer themselves to be bullied out of them by their Radical opponents, and thus gives them an air of vacillation and irresolution which is very prejudicial. "Lord John made a very good speech on this Bill, and George Grey by common consent does his work very well indeed."

I had some talk with the Duke of Bedford at Newmarket about Ireland, and told him my plan of operations, that is, the idea that has presented itself to my mind. It consists of two parts—one as to the land, the other the Church. I propose that the Government should become a great proprietor and capitalist, raising whatever funds are necessary, and expending them in productive works and the employment of labour. I have observed that all who have written, spoken, or thought on this subject, agree that the indispensable thing for Ireland is the application of capital to the development of the resources of the country and the employment of its people. Nobody will invest capital there in its present state, consequently those resources remain undeveloped, and the people are in a state of idleness and starvation; that which it is desirable that everybody should do, but which nobody will do, must be done by the Government itself. I have only as yet formed the idea, without having deeply considered it, still less attempted to work out its details. The other question, the Church, that eternal stumbling-block, does not present less difficulty, but is equally urgent. This morning the Duke of Bedford came here and told me he had spoken to Lord John about my ideas, but without going into any detail, or even explanation, and Lord John said he should like to talk to me about it himself, he said, moreover, that they not only mean to propose something about the Church, but have got a plan half prepared. They will not, however, attempt to bring anything forward this year, and they would be very wrong if they did.

EMILY SHORE

1819-1838

EMILY SHORE was the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman who maintained himself and his family by taking a few pupils in his own house and preparing them for the university. Her only schooling she had from her parents—she educated herself. Her thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. Natural History, Poetry, Art, were her interests from her earliest years. She was a keen and patient observer, an independent critic, and herself not unskilled with the pencil. Her diary she kept from the time she was eleven till a few weeks before her death, which took place at Funchal, Madeira, when she was nineteen. It is the record of a unique girl, simple, unaffected, affectionate, marvellously gifted, lovable.

1832, April 5th, Thursday. We spent the afternoon also in the summer-house, and were joined by Mr. Howard and Mr.

Gower Arabella has a book about Africa, which was given to her on her birthday. So I having told this to Mr Howard, he addressed Arabella with, "You know the Juvenile Library, do not you?" "Oh, yes, I do, and I have got one of its books" "I think they are all very nice books, except one, that about Africa." Thus put Arabella into a direful rage, but she immediately retaliated by deprecating Reform, and denouncing the newspapers as only vehicles of deception Mr. H. instantly fled away from hearing these offensive sounds, but she pursued him exclaiming, "No Reform! no Reform! Down with Grey! hang Brougham!" To complete his anger, I presented him that same evening with some verses which I had written against Reform, and which provoked him extremely

June 15th, Friday All the mob of Potton made a great riot to celebrate the passing of the Reform Bill, and paraded the town with the most hideous yells, accompanying a triumphal car in the shape of a waggon completely covered with fresh boughs and bearing flags They had also with them a band, and three large flags bearing the following inscriptions "Earl Grey and his colleagues," "Tavistock and Payne for ever," "Earl Grey and religious liberty," "W R IV and reform" I do not suppose that any of them understood what they were so noisy about The procession took place late in the evening, the band entered our garden and played several tunes, while the flags were all the while waving before the windows.

June 18th. I have been much interested in observing the operations of some ants in one of the garden-walks. These little insects have made very extensive buildings in one of the paths, both underground and above. With the earth which comes from their excavations, they build little domes and arches above ground, near the entrance It is most interesting to watch the ants bringing out huge lumps of earth to make these domes with. I saw a single ant labouring up the steep sides of its hole, which was almost perpendicular, and carrying with it a lump of earth five times as big as itself For three successive times the ant fell down with its burden as soon as it reached the top, but its perseverance prevailed, and it succeeded. Another ant, having fallen down, obtained the assistance of two others, and the united strength of the three dragged it quite up.

June 21st I picked up on the grass a palmer-worm, which is a caterpillar, so named because it travels about like a palmer or pilgrim It has long, thick tufts of black and red hair, and a very minute gold spot to each ring, it crawls very quickly. It seems to eat chiefly the leaves of the dock, the vine, and the lilac.

June 23rd. Richard has found in the garden a beautiful caterpillar, which is now before me, it is nearly two inches long, with a number of thin tufts of hair on its body. There is a broad blue stripe on each of its sides, extending from head to tail, and on every other part are alternate and narrow strips of orange and black, besides a white stripe along the top of the back. The face is grey, and the eyes black; the hairs beneath the body are of an orange colour, it has ten rings on its body, and six legs before, besides eight holders nearer the tail. I have never before seen such a pretty caterpillar, the different colours are arranged so beautifully, and the blue is so exquisitely speckled with black. Round its neck it has a band of a grey colour, with two black spots, and the under part of the body is black and grey. I think it is much prettier than the palmer-worm, and I wish very much to know its name.

July 2nd, Monday. Richard and I went to sketch St. Leonard's Monastery, an ancient Norman building now falling to ruins, but there still remain some beautiful arches, with very rich mouldings. I took a drawing of it from a very inconvenient place, and did not succeed very well. The boys in the street threw stones at us, and behaved very impudently, which my aunt attributes to Reform! What an idea!

1833, *April 18th* What we now take most notice of is the number of birds which frequent the garden. There are blackbirds and magpies, but very few sparrows, the robins are plentiful and very tame, and we to-day took great notice of a beautiful chaffinch very near us, which chirped continually. The chaffinch, of which there are a great many in the garden, has a red or orange breast, the wings barred with black and white. We are making friends with a water wagtail, which seems to have built its nest at the top of the house, or in the weeping ash before papa's library, for it sits there very much, and sometimes even pops itself just outside the window and looks into the room at papa, who, being fond of all animals, takes a great fancy to it. The wagtail flies very oddly, jerking up and down. It is very tame. I scattered some crumbs about when it was there, as soon as I had gone to a very short distance it came down to eat them.

April 20th. Mamma finished the "Lord of the Isles" this evening, to our great delight. I like it very much, but it is extremely inferior to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the "Lady of the Lake," and "Rokeby", I do not say "Marmion," because I have not read it. The name is not a good one; it ought to be called the "Maid of Iona" for she is much more interesting.

the story than Lord Ronald is. The characters are not in general well drawn, and the poem is full of careless and unpoetic passages. The story itself is awkward, and ought not to be extended to so long a space as three whole years. Neither is it very clever that both Ronald and Edith have other lovers, one apiece. All unhappy ladies are wont, by the common consent of poets, to let their hair stream towards the four corners of the compass, and I am sorry to say that Scott has also fallen into this fault. The having two ladies in a story is likely to make neither very interesting, and in this respect Isabel and Edith steal from each other. Ronald is by no means well drawn; Bruce is one of the most interesting persons in the whole poem, but his brother is not much so, Cormac Doil keeps up his character. The best part in the poem is the scene in the cabin (canto iv). The dream and thoughts of poor Allan are very well described, and his death is pathetically told. Edith, in her disguise of a page, is very melancholy and much to be pitied, but it is rather unaccountable that Ronald should never have discovered her. It is very natural her springing suddenly on Isabel's neck when she heard her readiness to give up marrying Ronald. A little more, I think, should have been made of Edith's being discovered; Scott should not have let it pass off in the dark. The battle has some beautiful passages, and the immense appearance of the English army is excellently described. And Edith's forgetting herself and speaking in her agony of fear for Ronald, and the crowd mistaking it for a miracle, is extremely natural.

Exeter, 1837, January 15th, Sunday We hear that this kind of attack, which they call an influenza, is extremely prevalent and fatal. The newspapers say that in London there are six hundred policemen and three hundred banking clerks all ill at once. This indeed may not be true, indeed I feel inclined to strike off a cypher from each number. It is very fatal in Exeter. Mr. Tripp preached on the subject to-day, from the text Ps. lxxv. 1, and said he never knew death so busy as at present. There were nine burials in his parish last week. Mr. Trevillian, an old gentleman whose pew my cousins share in church, told them that he has now eight ill at his own house. The complaint seems to be spreading like the cholera five years ago. It is quite awful and melancholy.

January 24th, Tuesday. The prevalence of the influenza, as it is called, being in reality the same low fever to which we at Woodbury are so subject, is really awful. There is scarce a family whom
 I know either personally or by name, which has escaped

in most of them the greater part of the individuals in each family are ill. It is raging too amongst the poor. Aunt Bell sadly wants an assistant to her servants, and cannot get one, all are ill. We hear of it from every quarter. The word "influenza" is in everybody's mouth, the streets are quite thinned, nobody is in spirits except Mrs. Hales, the person who sells Morrison's pills. She says their spread is quite wonderful, and that she hears that in Bath they are almost universal. So much the better; 'tis very good news. I do not understand why the complaint is called influenza. The name was coined about six years ago, but the complaint itself, I suppose, is as old as any other. 'Tis the common fourteen or twenty-one day fever more or less violent. . .

After dinner we walked to Exeter, to pay visits and do shopping, and were out for about an hour and three-quarters. We first called at the Misses Lee's, No. 4, Upper Summerland, they were ill with influenza. Then at Miss Baring's, at 6, Lower Summerland; she was at home, but ill of the influenza. Thus, to our great joy, we escaped all four visits, and went straight on to call on Miss Wyatt in Lower Southernhay. Here we were admitted, but found Dr. Miller attending on her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wyatt, who is ill of the influenza. Then we went to the lodgings of Mr. Harrington to inquire for his sisters, and found them too ill.

January 27th, Friday. Mr. Dornford dined on Wednesday at Dr. Miller's, where there was to be a large party, but almost every one sent excuses on account of being taken with the influenza, and Dr. Miller himself was obliged to rise from table in the middle of dinner and go to bed. It is said that sixty thousand are ill at Berlin. It is not infectious, but an epidemic.

April 17th, Monday. I am not of those who think the recollection of past pleasure agreeable; I am much more inclined, with Montgomery,

"To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of former years",

and while I write this, I feel a sadness at heart which is quite oppressive. Above all, the recollection of one enjoyment is intensely clear and intensely painful, and that enjoyment is the being able to get out into the open air in spring, or summer, after a long confinement with a fever. Twice have I known this at Woodbury, and the delight of it is heavenly. Willingly would I pay the penalty of another fever, for the sake of enjoying it once more. I seem even now to feel the bright sunshine of June

to breathe the soft and balmy air, fragrant with the bloom of summer, to gaze with delight on the garden blazing with ten thousand flowers, to tread, with slow and feeble, yet delighted feet, on the soft green turf; to see the verdurous meadows and cool leafy woods, to drink in the joyous songs of a hundred warblers Oh, I seemed in paradise! Oh, for those times to return! It is impossible for language to describe my sensations when I was first drawn out in a little garden chair on our lovely lawn, unable to walk, but my heart bounding with ecstasies at all I saw and heard and felt. Oh, for summer! Oh, for Woodbury! Oh, for home, for the sweet scenes I know so well, for the dear companions whom I love so much! . Well, I am sure that, wherever my future life will be spent, Woodbury will always be with me "a grave, where sleep the joys of other years" Ten thousand associations and recollections will cluster round its name, like fragrant woodbine round an elm tree And if I live in the most lovely spot on earth, my sweetest and most delightful remembrances of nature and the country will always be united with Woodbury. And every brilliant summer day will always carry me back to the gardens, woods, and fields of Woodbury. And, last, not least, wherever I meet with the friends whose society I have there enjoyed, I shall think again of dear Woodbury.

April 20th, Thursday I have to give my opinion on Kirke White's poems, which I have finished This, too, I must do shortly They have greatly risen in my estimation I think they display much feeling, and have often great force and spirit Some passages struck me very much I extremely like the touching lines beginning—

"Do I not feel? The doubt is keen as steel"

To my thinking, the most original idea in all that he has written is as follows

"The lark has her gay song begun,
She leaves her grassy nest,
And soars till the unrisen sun
Gleams on her speckled breast"

I never before met with this idea to express the great height to which the lark ascends, and I like it

April 24th, Monday. The truth is, I am always apt to see things in richer colours at first sight, and then, writing about them while my fancy is yet heated, I unintentionally exaggerate; and I

believe I have done this with almost all the scenes I have described in my journal.

August 5th, Saturday. On coming home, we were surprised to find our Parliamentary cousin whom I mentioned yesterday, Winthrop Praed, who had come here to vote, together with his wife, to whom he has been married two years. He is a very clever and very agreeable man . . . about thirty-five years old, as thin as a lath, and almost ghastly in countenance, his pallid forehead, haggard features, and the quick glances of his bright blue eyes are all indications, I fear, of fatal disease. He seems, alas! sinking into a consumption which his Parliamentary exertions are too likely to hurry forward, if indeed he be not in one already. The profile of Winthrop's face is very like that of Lord Byron, and at times there is a sort of wildness in his look, but the usual expression of his countenance is remarkably sweet.

August 7th, Monday. This day took place the chairing of the two newly elected members for South Devon, Sir John Yarde Buller and Montague Edmund Parker, for I should have mentioned that on Saturday, Bulteel, the Radical, finding he had no chance of success, withdrew from the contest, and we now hear that the excitement, exertion, and disappointment have made him dangerously ill, nay, it is even reported that he is in a state of derangement. Our party went to see the chairing from Winthrop's apartments in the New London Inn.

We were there at eleven o'clock, wearing the proper colours, pink and blue, which we exhibited in the shape of a pink carnation and blue convolvulus. The chairing did not begin till after twelve. I call it *chairing*, but I should properly have said *horsing*, for at Exeter the members, instead of being chaired, ride round the city in a long procession of horsemen. On this occasion the horsemen assembled first in a dense crowd before the New London Inn, threw themselves into a sort of order, and rode to the castle, where they marshalled, and then the procession began. Every window was crowded with heads and gay with banners, the street and area were thronged with spectators, and the repeated hurrahs gave notice of their approach long before they appeared. It was a fine spectacle, though not equal to what I had expected. First came a band, then a long line of men carrying boughs of oak, and flags of pink and blue with mottoes of gold, then the herald, a portly man in a sky-blue dress, with a brass helmet and bearing a bugle; then the procession of horsemen which seemed almost endless. The members were distinguish-

by their bare heads, their repeated bows and looks of satisfaction. . . .

When the procession had passed, all our party went back to Baring Crescent, except me, Mrs W. Praed having kindly offered to take me with her to hear the speeches after the election dinner. . . We three sat down in the inn to a quiet dinner, presently someone tapped at the door. It was Mr. Parker, come to call Winthrop to the dinner, where everyone was waiting. So away they went. When we had dined, Lady Frances Stephens and her daughter, Miss Bentinck, friends of the Praeds, came to offer us tickets of admission to the orchestra, where we were to look down on the electors, and to tell us that it was time to come and secure good places. So away we went. We ascended the orchestra, where we had two front places which Lady Frances had kept for us. It was a fine sight, four hundred electors seated at four long tables, the wine and dessert were just being brought in. . . I shall not assume the office of the newspaper, and detail all the proceedings which took place. I presume they were all much as usual. The chairman gave the toasts, accompanying each with a pompous and prosy speech. As the whole was a scene quite new to me, I was much amused to see the whole body of electors rise at every toast, wave their glasses in the air, and with united voice fill the whole room with hurrahs. I think the most thunderous cheers of all were received by the toast "Church and State," and next, perhaps, "The Duke of Wellington." Mr. Taylor, of Bishop's Teynton, a very young man, returned thanks for the "Army" in a speech not worth hearing, which indeed may be said of all that I heard spoken, with one exception, which I shall presently mention. Sir John Buller's speech was perfectly commonplace, and his delivery very bad—a kind of measured, unvaried sing-song. Mr. Parker's was evidently learnt by heart, and was delivered in a solemn, funereal, hesitating voice, in the manner of an ill-preached sermon. Nevertheless both were much clapped, especially when the electors were informed that they had shown their independence, and had made their own choice.

At last was given "Winthrop Praed." Immediately followed shouts of "Praed! Praed!" and a long loud hurrah. Then "Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative Members of the House of Commons," a toast Mrs. Praed and I had been anxiously expecting, as it was the signal for Winthrop to speak, and we knew he would far outshine all the rest.

He rose when the hurrahs had ended. During the preceding time he had been sitting silent, grave, and thoughtful; to my eyes there was even a shade of melancholy across his pale and inter-

esting countenance, as if he had secret forebodings of the result of the unseen malady within him, that malady which is so often the accompaniment of fine genius and deep feeling. But when he had risen and begun to speak, the pensive look was gone, and was succeeded by a union of intellect and animation; his eyes lighted up, and, as he kindled, flashed round him with bright and rapid glances.

His speech was long and excellent, and his delivery ready, natural, and graceful. Both matter and manner were as different from those of the other orators as light from darkness. Sir John Buller's was full of awkward pauses between numbers of sentences; Winthrop's was spoken with perfect ease and fluency. Mr. Parker's was learnt by heart; much of Winthrop's must have been quite unpremeditated, as it referred to what he had just heard uttered. In short, it was quite a treat to hear him, and so the electors thought; they listened far more attentively than they had previously done, and continually gave the most hearty and universal cheers. In Winthrop's speech alone there was point and wit, which frequently produced loud laughter. He wound up very cleverly, and finally sat down amid roars of deafening applause. . . .

August 11th, Friday. I must just add a few lines to say that I have taken up the paper, and that Winthrop's speech is most incorrectly reported. I was quite provoked to see it. The mistakes made are ridiculous, all the point and wit are destroyed, and the whole is shamefully abridged. No one would think it a good speech from this edition of it.

I was much amused to read of "the glorious phalanx of ladies who graced the orchestra, whose bright eyes and sweet smiles, from behind the Old English heart of oak, told far more than words how deeply they felt the success of the Conservative cause." Now, I was one of this glorious phalanx, and I think it would be more correct, at least in some instances, to say that their broad grins and hearty laughter showed the high entertainment they derived from the scene. I am sure this was my case.

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY

1793-1873

MACREADY, one of the greatest actors of his day, has left us in his diary a vivid picture of the strain and toil of an actor's life. He has left us also a vivid picture of himself, a man of fine character and deep ~~willows feelings, not tempered over sensitive and although an Irish~~

man only scantily endowed with humour, but generous, affectionate, and very sincere in acknowledging and trying to overcome his faults. He loved his art and never relaxed his efforts to improve in it. There was, however, much in the atmosphere of the theatre as he knew it which grated on him. His ambition, he said, was "to establish a theatre in regard to decorum and taste worthy of our country." He did not accomplish all he wished, but he did much to raise the standard of dramatic performances and to rid the theatre of discreditable associations.

Elstree, 1833, January 1st With God's merciful help I trust to make my conduct and use of time during this year more acceptable in His sight than that of my previous life has been, and I enter upon it with prayers for His blessings on my children, my wife, friends, and myself. Amen.

January 2nd My performance this evening of *Macbeth* afforded me a striking evidence of the necessity there is for thinking over my characters previous to playing, and establishing by practice, if necessary, the particular modes of each scene and important passage. I acted with much energy, but could not (as I sometimes can, when holding the audience in rapt attention) listen to my own voice, and feel the truth of its tones. It was crude and uncertain, though spirited and earnest, but much thought is yet required to give an even energy and finished style to all the great scenes of the play, except, perhaps, the last, which is among the best things I am capable of. Knowles is ravished with his own acting, and the supposed success it has met with. I wish I was with mine.

January 3rd Went home to breakfast. Spent an idle but, in all other respects, a happy day. A well-spent day is pleasing while it lasts, and pleasant to remember when for ever gone, a day of mere pleasure is agreeable in its passage, but regret attends its close in the reflection that time which God has given for employment has been squandered or lost in idleness. Compunction is injurious, if unproductive of improvement. Let my revision of this day enable me to be more resolute in my resistance of future temptations, and teach me, for my own and my children's good, the necessity of blending activity with enjoyment. In my absence from home I am sometimes inclined to question the prudence of living so far from town, but when on reaching home I taste the fresh air of the country, look over its extent of prospect, feel in a manner the free range of thought and sense through the expanse of earth and sky surrounding me, I confess to myself, in the delightful sensations I experience, that such enjoyment is worth some sacrifice.

January 4th. My acting to-night was coarse and crude—no identification of myself with the scene, and, what increased my chagrin on the subject, some persons in the pit gave frequent vent to indulgent and misplaced admiration. The consciousness of unmerited applause makes it quite painful and even humiliating to me. I thought this day of taking the Bath and Bristol theatres, it will probably go no further.

January 5th I have made a proposal to take the Bath and Bristol theatres for a short season during Lent. I hope my vanity, or sanguine desire of gain, has not misled me in my anticipations and dependences. I wish to procure an independence for my dear children, and I think this speculation likely to be productive of good in itself, and to offer me a certainty of remoter benefit.

I have had some doubts as to the sum in which I should subscribe to Mrs Jackson's print but I have decided upon the larger, which is still much less than I wish to give. I know that I expose myself to the charge of imprudence and extravagance, but am I to endeavour to feed the widow and the orphan literally with the crumbs that fall from my table? I cannot so interpret the text of that Teacher, Whose name be blessed by all who have hearts to feel the love He taught.

London, January 8th Paid some visits of ceremony—unmeaning hollow practices, irksome and embarrassing in act and productive of no good result. I allude entirely to the G——'s, who are incomprehensible to me. If they like me, why do they not cultivate my society? If they are indifferent, why not relinquish my acquaintance? "What art thou, thou idol, ceremony?" Why is it that my spirits, rather depressed before, rose when I saw an expression of discontent on the face of Mrs —— at the retired life she led? Is it an evil feeling? I think not—or that principle of our nature that makes all human happiness comparative.

January 9th. In attending the book-club last night, I was furnished with another instance of that silly and unamiable ambition so common in men, particularly little men, of directing and legislating for others. Observation of the errors of others is wise or uncharitable according to its result—either as it affords us a practical lesson or a subject to descant upon. This morning I rose betimes, and rode outside to Elstree. I felt pleasure in this little instance of economy both in time and money. A beautiful morning and, though misty afterwards, giving me the opportunity of a delightful walk with my wife and sister. In the afternoon I read much of Frederick II's life: an evidence of selfish

vanity abusing great abilities, and brutal subserviency in the men who tolerated his dominion over them.

January 11th. Little to comment on to-day beyond my own loss of it. Rose late, and omitted dinner, in order to have my powers more at command during my performance, which was certainly better for my abstinence. I find the good effect of that natural manly tone of dialogue, with which I must endeavour to improve the colloquial ground-work of my acting. This evening I left at the theatre for the managers a tragedy by a Mr. Heraud, a dramatic poet, in his own confident opinion, secure of success, perhaps misled by the injudicious recommendation of Mr. Southey which led him to experiment in tragic composition. Such advice leads me to a reluctant doubt of the Laureate's sincerity, for it is scarcely possible in this case to suppose defect of judgment. Can that be called good nature which shrinks from inflicting a slight *pique* to the *amour-propre* of a friend, with intent to cure his mind of a dangerous and still strengthening delusion? It is selfishness, worldliness—anything I think but justice or kindness, yet how universally practised!

Elstree, January 12th. My thoughts wandering on idle, vain, unprofitable subjects, and only occasionally resting on the important consideration of economy in my expenditure for the sake of my dear children. Resumed my consideration of *Othello*, to which my mind must be given up. Visited by a lady (who mistook me for a relation of Mr. Macready), a writer of seven tragedies and various farces: this is one of the many who waste life and paper in their hopeless mockery of employment. Happy to return home; began with great delight Lardner's volume on mechanics.

January 14th This day I had marked down as one of active employment, began the morning with late rising and lost what was left of it between indolent indecision, perplexity at the little progress made in accumulating surplus, and considerations of means to economise more effectually in our general expenses. I look at my own age, the uncertainty of my professional income, my dear children, and I come to the resolution that, for my own continued happiness, it is essential money should be put by to insure a provision for them. May the blessing of God confirm my good intentions, and prosper my endeavour.

January 15th. Finished Lord Dover's *Life of Frederick II*—a book of extracts from the various amusing memoirs of that king's contemporaries—a compilation, whose only merit is that of bringing together scattered anecdotes of that ill-named, heartless man, offering no glimpse of rational elucidation of such points

of character as have perplexed inquirers, and never attempting to penetrate beyond the surfaces of such men and things as the narration brings under his notice. Such treatment of a character so fertile in lessons of political and moral science to the keen observer or the contemplative philosopher, exhibits the author as a mere gossip without any pretensions to the title of historian.

London, January 22nd. Not altogether so dissatisfied with the labour of to-day, though I might have done my duty better by rising earlier. My walk to London was real enjoyment from the beauty of the day; my thoughts, too, were not idle, for I went through several scenes of "Othello." Taking into consideration the employment of my time in the study of that character, the benefit of the air and exercise, and the money saved in my walk, I cannot set down the three hours and a half it cost me as misused or laid out to waste

I acted to-night with spirit and in a manly tone, better, perhaps, than ordinarily in the part, Rob Roy. A curious evidence of egotism, and importunate demand of attention to business of no concern to me, was afforded me to-night in Mr Heraud's letter. The universe is but an atom before the vastness of one's self!

January 23rd. Although I cannot boast a victory over my lazy habits in the morning, the day has not been an idle one indeed too active in reference to its principal object—principal as respects my means of life, of education and providing for my children—viz my performance, which I may here observe was "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," a lack of energy, of heartedness, with more than enough of muscular exertion, and all attempts at effect in expression overclouded by the perpetual scowl that contracted and darkened my countenance—a bad performance. Again I reproach myself with exhibiting that *odiosam et inutilem morositatem* against which I am so anxious to guard myself in the instances both of a proposed election to the Garrick Club, and of the performers' incorrectness in "William Tell." Could I sober or improve the latter? Whom but myself could I affect by such moroseness? Why cannot I set person and thing equally beneath me. why should not a person like Mr. F. belong to such a society? Why cannot I hold my peace and stay away? Such should be my course; I dread the effects of my own intolerant and impetuous temper. God be my friend, for I am too often an enemy to myself!

January 24th. In turning over the leaves of Johnson's *Dryden*, I find this remark, "He is always angry at some past, or afraid of some future censure." Is not this a key to the causes of my

own disquietudes? And should not I add to my happiness if I would think more of enjoying or employing, for, well done, it is synonymous, the present hour without reference to what is irremediable or apprehension of what is uncertain? I have done one act of duty, I hope, to-day, in sending money for G——'s board and clothes with letters to him and Dr Woodroff, it will be "a brand from the burning" if he turns out well W Birch walked out with me, I was much struck with the scene of the canal and the skaters in the Regent's Park the kind of indian-ink landscape that the colourless view presented, and the gaiety extorted from the vigour of winter, amused my thoughts Rather exceeded in my lonely dinner and wine, as much from the ill effects of the two days' previous abstinence as from anything else; this kept me gazing on a star and speculating on the purposes of our being when I should have been better at rest

January 25th In discussing the propriety of Mr. ——'s admission to the Garrick Club this morning, I so far improved upon my late violence of language as to refrain from any exhibition of temper a very negative praise Quite made up my mind to leave the managers to their own course in the particular of their pledge to me on the alteration of Othello and Iago. Why did I feel excited, and stung into a kind of nervous alacrity by Kean's inability to act? Our interest in this profession came too frequently into collision to insure, without steady vigilance, that magnanimity which makes the peace of conscience.

Elstree. January 26th Rose betimes, and set out fresh from my bath with elastic spirits and happy thankfulness of heart to walk to Elstree Checked in my course by the thaw and rain, I rode about five miles of the road. The fresh air of the country is an enjoyment to me Employed my day in examining Colonel D'Aguiar's translation of "Fiesco," settling my accounts, making up arrears of entries, etc. Felt the happiness of my home in seeing the health and comfort of my family around me. If men could but unlearn the lessons of vanity which are taught by dictation, example, and the influence of current events to their youth, how truly happy could they make themselves by industry and charity. But to be certain of our own good, we calculate our neighbours' possessions or expenses instead of inquiring of our own wants, and are only contented by that vain and envious standard of comparison. Is not health, an income beyond my necessities, a beloved family, a quick imagination, considerable acquirements, and the knowledge of the value of these blessings, enough to enforce content and inspire gratitude?

January 29th. Am compelled to blame severely in myself that

want of decision and independent resolution, which should give birth to action without respect to the occurrences of the hour. The lamps of the wise virgins were dressed against the coming of their Lord, while the fools began to prepare them when their light was needed. Read over scenes of "Othello," but did not discharge my duty by it. Arranged in my mind the alterations to be suggested in Colonel D'Aguilar's "Fiesco."

Although often opposed to the critical opinions of Scott, I have pleasure in noting down the liberality and justice of his observations on Le Sage, and, in nearly an equal degree, on Fielding. His description of the various effects produced on our minds by different portions of the novel of *Gil Blas* as we advance from childhood through youth to manhood, shows him to be a close observer and a faithful reporter of his own emotions. Read Dryden's "Cleomenes," a play that has all the marks of a decaying intellect upon it. Images are forced most ungracefully upon the dialogue, and the portfolio of the author appears to have rendered up its last stock of common places and incongruous similes. The frequency of coarse and vulgar expressions (perhaps meant as characteristic of Spartan conversation) excites the surprise of those who are acquainted with the usually happy selection of his words. The play possesses no one passage worthy of him.

January 30th. Was awake at a very early hour by the sickness of my beloved child. With what anxious fondness one watches the change of every shade in the complexion of these precious gifts of Heaven! and how every day adds to the love with which we regard them! My hours of occupation were divided between a letter to Colonel D'Aguilar, and reading some critical treatises by Dryden. S and G Buckmill arrived to dinner. They are gentlemanly and natural boys. Feel my mind fettered by the state of suspense in which it is held in regard to Othello. Must give my attention to the performance of it.

January 31st. Had the delight of seeing my darling child smiling upon me with her usual health and spirits, when I awoke this morning. My heart turns in gratitude to the Giver of these blessings for the comfort it enjoys in their continued health. To-day I had experience of the truth that much of the difficulty of every task lies in our own disinclination to labour, and in the magnifying effect of our own apprehension. I read over some part of Othello to-day, which loses its awful appearance as it is more confidently approached. I entered some memoranda from Dryden's critical and dedicating epistles in my commonplace book.

January 30th. Looked at the *John Bull* newspaper, and saw that the editor had suppressed my letter, and published his own observations on such parts of it as he chose to allude to. Forster called. We discussed the subject, and I cordially assented to his advice to write to the editor of *The Times*, and request him to insert the letter to *John Bull*. I asked him to write it for me, as I was occupied with a letter to Dickens. Sir W. Martins called to say the King of Prussia would visit Drury Lane Theatre to-morrow night, and wished to hear the play of "Macbeth." I explained to him the impossibility of that or any other play but those now acting. He recommended Serle's journey to Windsor to settle the matter. Copied out the letter which Forster had written for me, copied out also the letter to the proprietors of *John Bull*, and, with a letter to Delane, closed the affair. Serle returned with the information that the King of Prussia had selected "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." He wanted "Hamlet" or "Macbeth."

January 31st. I see with great satisfaction my letter in *The Times* newspaper. Felt most grateful for this vindication, which sets me at ease in regard to these false and malicious attacks upon me. Thank God.

CAROLINE FOX

1819-1871

CAROLINE FOX, the daughter of a Cornish man of science well known in his day, was educated and in large part self-educated at home. She had a fine mind and read widely. Her father was a Quaker. His sterling character and hospitable nature attracted to his house in Falmouth many of the most celebrated writers and savants who were his contemporaries. Caroline was an attractive listener to their conversation, and at the same time a keen and discerning observer of their ways. The interest of her diary—and the interest is great—lies in the number of well-known personages whom we meet in its pages in their informal moods.

1836, *December 2nd.* We called at Pearce's Hotel on the Begum of Oude, who is leaving England (where her husband is ambassador), on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Her bright little Hindustani maid told us she was "gone down cappin's", so to Captain Clavel's we followed her and spent a most amusing half-hour in her society. She was seated in great state in the midst of the family circle, talking English with great self-possession spite of her charming blunders. Her dress was an immense pair of trousers of striped Indian silk, a Cashmere shawl laid over her

head, over a close covering of blue and yellow silk, two pairs of remarkable slippers, numbers of anklets and leglets, a great deal of jewellery, and a large blue cloak over all. She was very conversable, showed us her ornaments, wrote her name and title in English and Arabic in my book, and offered to make an egg curry. At the top of the page where she wrote her name she inscribed in Arabic sign "Allah," saying, "That name God you take great care of." She sat by Mrs. Clavel, and after petting and stroking her for a while, declared, "Love I you." She promised her and Leonora a Cashmere shawl apiece, adding, "I get them very cheap, five shillings, seven shillings, ten shillings, very good, for I daughter king, duty take I, tell merchants my, make shawls, and I send you and miss." She has spent a year in London, her name is Marriam and her husband's Molve Mohammed Ishmael. Her face is one of quick sagacity but extreme ugliness.

December 3rd. The next day we found her squatting on her bed on the floor, an idiot servant of the Prophet in a little heap in one corner, her black-eyed handmaiden grinning us a welcome, and a sacred kitten frolicking over the trappings of Eastern state. We were most graciously received with a shriek of pleasure. Her observations on English life were very entertaining. She told us of going to "the Court of the King of London—He very good man, but he no power.—Parliament all power—King no give half-penny but call Parliament, make council, council give leave, King give half-penny.—For public charity King give one sovereign, poor little shopman, baker-man, fish-man, barter-man also give one sovereign. Poor King!—King Oude he give one thousand rupees, palanquin mans with gold stick, elephants, camels, no ask Parliament." She and Papa talked a little theology, she of course began it. "I believe but one God, very bad not to think so, you believe Jesus Christ was prophet?" Papa said, "Not a prophet, but the Son of God." "How you think so, God Almighty never marry! In London every one go to ball, theatre, dance, sing, walk, read, no go Mecca. I mind not that, I go Mecca, I very good woman." She took a great fancy to Barclay, declaring him very like her son. She offered him a commission in the King of Oude's army and £1,200 a year if he would come over and be her son, she gave him a rupee, probably as bounty money. There are 200 English in her King's service, two doctors, and three aides-de-camp. She showed us some magnificent jewellery, immense pearls, diamonds, and emeralds, tied up so carelessly in a dirty handkerchief. Her armlets were very curious, and she had a silver ring on her great

toe which lay in no obscurity before her. Then a number of her superb dresses were displayed, gold and silver tissues, satins, cashmeres, muslins of an almost impossible thinness, which she is going to give away at Mecca. She is aunt to the present, sister of the late, and daughter of the former, King of Oude. She has a stone house in which she keeps fifteen Persian cats. It is a great virtue to keep cats, and a virtue, with infinite reward attached, to keep an idiot; the one with her here she discovered in London, and was very glad to appropriate the little Eastern mystery. Aunt Charles's bonnet amused her, she wanted to know if it was a new fashion; she talked of the Quakers, and said they were honest and never told lies.

December 5th. To-day the Begum began almost at once on theology, asking Mamma if "she were a *religieuse*," and then began to expound her own creed. She took the Koran and read some passages, then an English psalm containing similar sentiments, then she chanted a Mahometan collect beautifully in Arabic and Hindustani. She made Mamma write all our names that she might send us a letter, and then desired Aunt Lucy to write something, the purport of which it was not easy to divine. At last she explained herself, "Say what you think of Marriam Begum, say she religious, or she bad woman, or whatever you think." Poor Aunt Lucy could not refuse, and accordingly looked sapient, bit her pen-stump, and behold the precipitate from this strong acid, "We have been much interested in seeing Marriam Begum, and think her a religious lady." I think a moral chemist would pronounce this to be the result of more alkali than acid, but it was an awkward corner to be driven into. She was coming to visit us to-day, but had to embark instead, after expressing her hopes that we should meet again in Oude!

December 15th. John Murray arrived, and was very amusing, describing all manner of things. He knows George Combe intimately, and says that at the B. A. Meeting at Edinburgh he got in among the *savants*, and took phrenological sketches of many of them. He describes him as a most acute original person. With Glengarry he was also well acquainted, he kept up the ancient Scotch habits most carefully, wore the dress and cultivated the feuds of an old laird, and if a Macleod tartan chanced to be seen, woe betide him! Glengarry went to George IV's coronation in his Scotch dress, and during the ceremony a very female marchioness, subject to vapours, observed his hand on one of his pistols. Imagining a projected assassination of his ~~new~~ Majesty, she screamed, and the Highland laird was arrested; he showed, however, that it was purely accidental, the

pistols being unloaded and himself not disaffected, so they liberated him; but the affair produced a strong sensation at the time. He died a year or two since in saving his daughters whom he was taking to a boarding school near London, the ship was wrecked, and he being an excellent swimmer took one of them safe to shore, but just before landing the second, he struck against a rock, and died an hour after. With him died ancient Scotland.

December 18th. Amusing details from Cowley Powles of Southey's visit at Helston. He has been delighting them all, rather with his wit than anything poetical in his conversation. He is very tall, about sixty-five years old, and likes mealy potatoes. He gives the following recipes for turning an Englishman into a Welshman or Irishman. For the former—he must be born in snow and ice from their own mountains, baptized in water from their own river, and suckled by one of their own goats. For an Irishman—born in a bog, baptized in whisky, and suckled by a bull. What a concatenation of absurdities! The other day he took a book from one of the shelves, when Derwent Coleridge, who must have been in a deliciously dreamy state, murmured apologetically, "I got that book cheap—it is one of Southey's." It was quietly replaced by the poet, Mary Coleridge exclaimed, "Derwent!" and all enjoyed the joke except the immediate sufferers. William Coope tells us that he used often to see S. T. Coleridge till within a month of his death, and was an ardent admirer of his prominent blue eyes, reverend hair, and rapt expression. He has met Charles Lamb at his house. On one occasion Coleridge was holding forth on the effects produced by his preaching, and appealed to Lamb, "You have heard me preach, I think?" "I have never heard you do anything else," was the urbane reply.

December 28th. On coming home this morning, found Molve Mohammed, the Begum's husband, and his secretary, in the drawing room. He has a sensible face, not totally unlike his wife's, and was dressed in the English costume. On showing him the Begum's writing in my book, he was much pleased at her having inserted his name as an introduction to her own. "Ha! she no me forget, I very glad see that." He added some writing of his own in Persian, the sense of which was, "When I was young I used to hunt tigers and lions, but my intercourse with the ladies of England has driven all that out of my head." He is said to be by no means satisfied with bigamy, and it is added that one of the motives of the Begum's English visit was to collect wages for the King of Oude.

The De la Beches are now settled at Falmouth on our terrace, they spent to-day with us, and were very merry, Henry de la Beche calling up the memory of some of his juvenile depavities and their fitting punishments. On one occasion he and several other young men saw an old coachman driving a coroneted carriage into a mews. They soon brought him to his bearings, and insisted on his driving them to their respective homes. As it was a question of six to one, he was obliged to comply. Having lodged three of them according to their orders, he drove the others to the watch-house, there they found an acquaintance Lord Munster, who, however, could not effect a compromise, so, after much bravado, poor Henry de la Beche had to liberate them all at an expense of five pounds. He gave many Jamaica histories. When the thermometer is at 60° poor Sambo complains, 'Berry cold, massa, me berry much cold.' Hunting alligators on the Nile is capital fun, they generally spear them, but once De la Beche attempted to shoot one with a long old swivel-gun fastened down to the boat with an iron bar, the machine burst, and the boat, not the alligator, was the victim. He illustrated his position that dress makes a marvellous change in the very expression of a face, by cutting out cocked hats, coats, cigais, etc., and decorating therewith some of Lavater's worshipful portraits. The change was dreadful. He talked cleverly of politics, in which he goes to a Radical length.

